

WILLIAM BOOTH, Founder

GEORGE L. CARPENTER, General

WAR CRY

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN
International Headquarters • QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON E.C.



CANADA • ALASKA • NEWFOUNDLAND AND BERMUDA
Territorial Headquarters • JAMES AND ALBERT STS. TORONTO

No. 2974. Price Five Cents

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1941

Benjamin Orames, Commissioner



Opportunity Knocks At Your Door DURING THE "WON BY ONE" CAMPAIGN

NOT once only, but many times! A cheery remark, a kindly deed, a visit to a lonely or sick person, or a copy of The War Cry will provide the opening whereby you may, with God's added blessing, lead some one into the Kingdom. "He that winneth souls is wise." Begin now to win them ONE BY ONE!

SERMONS without texts

By Henry F. Milans

Jesus Saves All Who Come

THE Lord Jesus has made it very plain in His Word that all who come unto Him in true penitence will be saved. Confirmation of this blessed promise is formed in the hosts of the worst of sinners whose lives have been completely and miraculously transformed, and who stand out as monuments among other good men, witnesses of the power and eagerness of Jesus to save.

The ranks of The Salvation Army Soldiery embrace many of these splendid trophies of God's saving grace. Praise God, I'm one of them.

Those who have tried and have failed so often that they feel there is no good reason for them to try again to do right, surely ought to find encouragement in what God has done with the lives of other men and women who had been looked upon as beyond any power to redeem. And if Jesus has made decent, sober, Christian people of us only a fool will say: "That may be true enough for you; but I'm different." This is the wail that a drunkard has sent to me in a letter.

Poppycock! That's one of the weakest alibis drunks offer. There

smoothed its ruffled feathers. "But I'm not going to let that storm steal away your life, I'll give it back to you." And Jesus held out his open hands, breathed upon the bird and away it flew, strong to win against the fury of the storm.

That is just what Jesus does for us who have been beaten down by sin. When we fall at His feet in sincere repentance and confess our need of Him, this Saviour says: "I'm going to give you a new life that will be strong enough to win over your temptations. Come, let us try it again."

I LIKE to feel that we do not belong in the grip of debasing sin. I don't believe that, at heart, we want to be slaves to evil habits.

As I think back to my own awful experience in the slums and recall some other really fine men I've associated with there, men of education who were once refined and respected, we all knew we were entirely out of place in the squalor and degradation of the life we were leading. But we had become so habituated to our condition that we refused to raise our eyes or our hopes to the heights of decency from which we had fallen, and upon which we by nature belonged.

We were hopeless bums among other hopeless bums, and that seemed henceforth to be our doom. We accepted the situation, awful as it was, and expected to live that life until death mercifully ended it all.

When The Salvation Army girl told me there was a new life for me I scoffed at her words. I had groveled so long in the foulness of my surroundings that I refused to look up to the light. But when she induced me to fix my eyes on Jesus I saw my way to freedom in Him, and I rose up to accept it, praise God.

AFARMER once robbed an eagle's nest of one of her young. He tied the bird to a stake in the barnyard and there it grew up with the lowly chickens, never looking to the heights where it naturally belonged, never trying to stretch those strong wings that had been given to it with which to soar into the ether. It was content to be just a common barnyard fowl.

One day the farmer decided to liberate the captive to its native elements. He took off the rope that kept it on the ground and tossed it into the air, expecting the great bird to spread its wings and soar away. But it just dropped back into the barnyard and resumed its place among the chickens.

Again and again the farmer tossed the bird into the air and as often it fell to earth, scarcely flapping its wings. At length the farmer perched the eagle atop a high pole. There it stood motionless looking about and down into the barnyard. Then its eyes turned upward to the sun and the vast expanse of the blue heavens. Nature told the captive that it belonged up

there in the great supernal reaches.

Suddenly, and with a great, glad scream, its wings spread instinctively and away the eagle soared, up and up and up, to the sun and to glorious freedom.

GOD did not create us to become the unnatural children that sin makes us. We were created in His image to be like Him. He offers us complete emancipation from the slavery of sin through Christ Jesus, to rise to heights of Christian perfection where we really belong. And this freedom is the gift of God in Jesus Christ to all sinners, even the worst.

None is rejected.

Three-Fold Thoughts

Selected Devotional Portions for Each Day of the Week

Sunday:

Faint, yet pursuing.—Judges 8:4.

Hard pressed in the battle; weak with the conflict, yet able to proceed by faith in His inexhaustible strength.

Oh, faint not, Christian, for thy sighs

Are heard before His throne;
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

Monday:

And when he thought thereon, he wept.

Mark 14:72.

We mourn sorely for unlovely actions, for bitter words, but most because known inbred sin, lurking in the heart, grieves our Lord.

I mourn, I mourn, the sin that drove Thee from me,
And blackest darkness brought into my soul.

Tuesday:

What manner of persons ought ye to be, in all holy conversation and godliness?—2 Peter 3:11.

There is, however, the command and the possibility of possessing a heart cleansed from all sin by the Blood of the Redeemer. Only then all actions and words will be God-glorifying and well pleasing in His sight.

Saved from the guilt and strength of sin,
In life and heart entirely clean.

Wednesday:

Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?

Acts 9:6.

Learning to give unquestioning obedience is usually irksome discipline, but the Christian, recognizing that Love gives the command, finds in it the yoke which binds him to his God.

In service which Thy love appoints,

There are no bonds for me;
My secret heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free.

Thursday:

Therefore have I lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord.—I Samuel 1:28.

Sacrifice of such quality is honored beyond the dreams of the devotee.

FOR THE MASTER'S SAKE

IN his letters, recorded in "The Making of a Pioneer," Percy Mather, one of two pioneer missionaries to Turkestan, wrote:

"I spent Monday night on the top of the high-pointed mountain pass. It was bitterly cold. I did not intend to stay the night with the old man who lived there, but thought of going on to a place called 'The Five-Arched Bridge.' When I got to the top of the pass, however, I found I had left my shaving mirror down in the village below. I suggested my coolie going back and fetching it, whilst I wrote my home letter, but he did not seem to be keen, so I set off on my own.

"I had walked about a quarter of a mile and descended a steep part of the mountain, when all at once I behought me of some medicine I had promised one of the Christians. He said he would call round for it before I left but had evidently been hindered and I forgot to leave it for him.

"I looked back up the steep mountain path and did not like the thought of climbing back for a bit of medicine; however, I decided to do it for the Master's sake. When I got there I found the old mountaineer had come home: he was out when we first arrived. He asked me

I'll Walk With God

I'll walk with God in paths of daily prayer,
I'll cast on Him my every pressing care,
My heart shall know His holy peace and rest,
Reclining daintily on my Saviour's breast.

I'll walk with God, His footprints mark the way
To guide me on my journey day by day;
And looking unto Him I surely know
The true and holy way my feet must go.

I'll walk with God, and looking up to Heaven
I'll keep the best commands by Jesus given.
And when at last my earthly labors cease,
I'll go to dwell with Him in perfect peace.

Andrew Simpson.

where I was going. I told him, and he at once volunteered, glad of the chance to earn a little extra. I was thankful that I had decided to return and get the medicine. The old man took it for me and brought back the mirror safely. "So by climbing one quarter of a mile for Christ's sake I was saved a tramp of six miles."

PALTRY THINGS

A MAN recently lost his inspector's job at the United States mint for stealing nickels and dimes and received a jail sentence of three months. He used the loot to treat women employees to ice cream and soft drinks. Theft extending over four months never exceeded 75 cents a day.

So for paltry things do men lose all.

I love my God with zeal so great,
That at the sound of duty's call
I'll yield Him up my all.

Friday:

Looking diligently, lest any man fail of the grace of God.—Hebrews 12:15.

The modern analogy would be the driver who, taking his eyes off the road—for whatever reason—runs the risk of losing his life and the lives of those travelling with him.

By Thine unerring Spirit led
We shall not miss our way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While Love, Almighty Love, is near.

Saturday:

I press toward the mark.—Phil. 3:14.

There is no time for anything but the essential, for our best efforts and God's full grace must combine if our hearts are to be kept in His will.

Onward! till thy course is finished,
Like the ransomed ones before;
Keep the faith through persecu-
tion;
Never give the battle o'er.

RESPONSE

The touch of Christ is needed to create the spirit of praise. The fable says that the harp of Memnon began to breathe out sweet music the instant morning light swept its chords. So does the willing soul respond to the Sun of Righteousness.

"Whom Say Ye That I Am?"

MY message especially is addressed to those who may be tempted to wonder if Christianity is adequate for our times. "Whom say ye that I am?" The question fell from the lips of a Galilean Carpenter nearly two thousand years ago. At that time, the challenge appeared to concern a mere handful of simple fisherfolk. To-day, strange as it may seem, the future progress and happiness of the whole human race is involved in the issue. The question persists down through the centuries: "Whom say ye that I am?"

We moderns cannot escape the challenge, even if we would. We rightly boast that ours is a scientific age. We have outgrown the days when, in meek submission, we would shut our eyes, open our mouths and swallow whatever our betters thought good for us.

If the symbol of the Victorian age was a full-stop, ours is the day of the question-mark; we want to know; we must have the facts. Jesus the Nazarene is the outstanding fact of all time. Look back upon the rough and thorny road down which mankind has progressed and you cannot escape Him. Even the noted author, H. G. Wells, perhaps the severest critic of the Bible, declares that of all the great benefactors of the human race, none can compare with the Carpenter of Galilee. "Whom say ye that I am?" At least, the world's Best Friend, replies Mr. Wells, in effect.

Only about two hours are necessary to read the meagre records of His amazing life. Born in poverty, reared in obscurity, He amassed no wealth, made no new discovery, wrote no book, established no college, marshalled no army, founded no empire; in fact, did nothing that ordinarily makes men great. By every known law, Jesus of Nazareth should have passed into oblivion centuries ago. Yet even the most ardent unbelievers confess that He is the most potent influence in modern life.

Like a Great Amen

He is dominant in music. In the great moments of our lives—whether national or individual—we pass by the multitude of melodies to which our feet have danced, and express our souls in those chords that sound like a great Amen; those majestic harmonies which magnify His Name.

He is foremost in literature. All the splendid libraries built by An-



drew Carnegie could not contain the volumes written about Him, whilst the Scriptures which testify of Him continue to be the world's best-seller, even in war time.

He is in every art gallery. The highest ambition of great painters has been to leave for posterity some still grander impression of His likeness.

Even industry cannot escape Him. A hundred times every day the oft-times grimy fingers of little children tenderly handle His likeness in the five and ten cent stores.

He is in your home; if not as the honored Guest, you will find Him on the doorstep, for we are, at least, christened in His name; we are married in His name; we are buried in His name.

He is in international affairs. When, on the broad Atlantic, the great leaders of democracy met in a conference which may well decide the future course of all mankind they turned for inspiration to the great hymns of the Christian Church, and in their famous Declaration, told all men everywhere, bond and free, that their hope of a perfect world lay in the application of the teachings of this same Jesus of Nazareth.

Unstained and Undimmed

But why Jesus? Why not Socrates, Buddha, or Confucius? It would surely be unscientific to evade the challenge. Who is this Galilean whose every word is a revelation; through whose character, unstained and undimmed in its passage, shone the light of another world?

Who is this Man who hung truth like pictures upon the walls of time; Who dares to claim that even when the very heavens and the very earth are gone, His words will remain?

Who is this Nazarene whom Satan could not seduce; Whom death could not destroy; and the grave could not hold; Whose footfall, if we have ears at all, we can hear in triumphant march through the corridors of time? "Whom say ye that I am?"

If He be an imposter, how is it that in two thousand years, none of the learned and wise of this world have succeeded in exposing Him?

The identity of Jesus of Nazareth is vital to our day and generation. Whom did He declare Himself to be? When His contemporaries enquired, "How long dost Thou make us to doubt? If Thou be the Christ tell us plainly," He replied in simple unequivocal language, "I and the Father are One!"

If He were deluded—if He were mistaken—if, after all, He was not the Godhead veiled in flesh—how are we to account for His mighty influence? A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit!

Let this Man have His way with a nation or an individual and the result is ever the same. As light dispels darkness; as truth erases error; as leaven leaveneth the whole lump; as health triumphs over disease, behold! He effects a glorious transformation!

He ever elevates and never degrades! Liberates and never binds! Purifies and never contaminates! He gives beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness!

Modern philosophy, seeking to reach a conception of God by intellectual effort, has attained to the idea of an Eternal Substance or an Impersonal Absolute. Jesus of Nazareth went further. He declared that God is Father! He proclaimed that God's mind, self-giving, which is the very essence of parenthood, ripened

A Recent Broadcast Address

By

Lieut.-Colonel R. Hoggard,

TRAINING COLLEGE PRINCIPAL

substance—there is mind! There is will! There is love; the love of a Father-heart! These two conceptions of God are struggling for mastery in our world to-day.

An impersonal God leaves man to his own fate. It is up to us each to make the best of a bad job. It is a case of every man for himself! The law of the jungle becomes the inevitable rule of life. All the evils which now threaten to destroy us have grown out of the soil of this doctrine.

Science has done her work well. She has given us the automobile for the ox-cart and the radio for the tom-tom. Science tells us how to get more out of material, more out of our fellows, more out of our factories, more out of our time. Religion is not opposed to science. Religion begins where science leaves off. Science tells us what things are, then religion tells us what use we can make of them. The tragedy of our time is that the gifts of science

WON BY ONE

*IF all the golden bells are ringing,
And all the choirs of Heaven singing,
And all the pearly gates a-swinging
Because ONE sinner says
"I'm sorry,"
Then let us up with no delay-
ing,
For precious souls are blindly straying,
It will be more than worth our praying
To hear one sinner say
"I'm sorry."*

Muriel L. Holden.

have fallen into the hands of men whose conception of life is based on the law of the jungle.

The experiment of life based upon the idea of God as an Eternal Substance, or an Impersonal Absolute is being tried out just now across Europe in blood and sweat and tears; in bondage, in the horror of a great darkness.

To our age Christ comes with His claim that God is Father! We are not the slaves of impersonal forces! We are intended to be free men in the family of our Father! Nor did He confine His claim to words. He lived it out to its ultimate conclusion in His own life. As fruits and flowers grow out of the soil in the climate that suits them, so His love of the poor and sinful was the perfectly natural growth of His doctrine of God as Father. And in the climate of His mind, self-giving, which is the very essence of parenthood, ripened



into acceptance of crucifixion as inevitably as fruit ripens upon a tree in summer.

Every babe ever born is born to live. Jesus was born expressly to die—born for the very purpose of dying in a prescribed manner. Precisely how He would die was foretold in most minute detail hundreds of years before Calvary was enacted. His death was not a murder over which we mourn! It was an accomplishment in which we glory. He died exactly as the Scriptures declared He would do. On the Cross the Father-Creator sobbed out His heart over His children as only a Father can do!

If we will not believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the Eternal God, then to us the Cross is a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence.

If we offer Him no welcome in the Bethlehem of our schools; if we relegate Him to the outhouse of our social life; if in the councils of industry we cry, "Away with this Man"; if when peace comes, we gently lay Him in a tomb with seal and guard; then as sure as night follows day, future generations—perhaps our own children—will rush headlong to the Calvary of yet another even bloodier war. For "there is none other Name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

The nations stand at the cross-roads. There need be no doubt as to the way to take. There is always a sign. It is the Sign of the Cross. It reads: "I am the Way," and if we take His Way:

*Then there shall come from out this strife and groaning
A broader and a juster brotherhood.
A deep equality of aim, postponing
All self-seeking for the common good.
The time will come when each shall
to another
Be as Christ would have him—brother
unto brother.*

We must ever remember that the challenge is essentially personal—whom say ye that I am? We must each answer for ourselves.

"Jesus," says the Pascal, "does not come in the glory of the scientific or the intellectual order, any more than He comes in the order of military or kingly glory. He comes in the order of His own Holiness." And when, like a stamp on gold or a seal on wax, the life of Jesus presses down upon a penitent heart, the impression made is incomparable and ineffaceable. He saves from the uttermost to the uttermost.

(Continued on page 10)

Are You a "WON BY ONE" Campaigner?

Where The Sun Is Ever Shining

FOG! Fog! Dense and yellow. Through it is heard the eerie moaning of the distant fog-horn. It is not a pleasant morning for the mariner on the sea, nor is it an inviting one for the driver who must rise early and make his way through the impenetrable gloom to his work or place of business. The housewife having bidden her beloved good-bye shivers as she closes the door and returns to the comfort of her warm kitchen. When she again looks out of the window it appears as though the house was completely isolated from the rest of the world, hemmed in by a wall of darkness.

Yet she knows, even while she vainly seeks to pierce that pall of gloom that the sun is still shining overhead, richly-colored flowers still grace the green garden, all things gay and beautiful are just as they were; it is the murky, desolating fog that is transient. Soon it will pass like the wraith it is and the glories of God's creation will stand revealed once more.

Fogs are not confined to the world of nature. Sometimes mental and spiritual fogs overtake us when everything seems dark and no ray of cheering light can be seen. John Henry Newman must have known such an experience when he wrote:

"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on!

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me."

And certainly William Cowper had passed through such bewilderment when he penned the lines,

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

In such seasons of spiritual darkness we can do nothing but trust, relying not upon what we can see or feel but upon the absolute reliability of the promises of God

and the indisputable fact of His love for us. Even Jesus passed through such an hour of great darkness that He cried in His agony, "My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

But when the earthly fog passes how beautiful is the land. The sun shining through, turning the mist to silver is a breath-taking sight. Trees with their rich autumnal colorings emerge from the drifting mists and the ground beneath them is carpeted with bronze and yellow fallen leaves. Dahlias and chrysanthemums, damp but otherwise unimpaired, raise their glowing heads, and even the spider webs are glittering like diamond strands. So, too, when God leads us out of the darkness, as He always surely shall, we will realize that sorrow is only for a season, but joy remains eternal; bereavement is only for a very short while, reunion is for ever; cruelty, unkindness and misunderstandings will not remain, but love will always stay. Beautifully is the thought expressed in the old hymn:

"When the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunlight falls in gladness
On the river and the rills,
We recall our Father's promise
In the rainbow of the spray—
We shall know each other better
When the mists have rolled away.

We shall come with joy and gladness,
We shall gather round the Throne,
Face to face with those who love us
We shall know as we are known.
And the song of our redemption
Shall resound through endless day—
When the shadows have departed,
And the mists have rolled away."

Let us always look away beyond the hills where the sun is ever shining.

Happy Mingling of the Forces

United, Helpful Rally at Palmerston

HOME LEAGUE members from Hanover, Listowel, and Wingham, recently journeyed to Palmerston to meet with the members there for an inspiring and helpful rally. The Hall was crowded for the afternoon gathering, presided over by the Divisional Home League Secretary, Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Ritchie.

Introduced by Mrs. Ritchie, Mrs. Brigadier A. Steele gave an informative talk on the R.S.W.A. work. As two guest groups of R.S.W.A. women were present the facts given by the speaker were especially appreciated.

In the early part of the meeting, Adjutant L. Shail, of Hanover, offered prayer, a new chorus was learned, and Sister Mrs. Hammond and Sister Mrs. McCombe, of Palmerston, contributed musical items. A report on the work of the Wingham Home League was read by Lieutenant R. Ellis, and the Rally Banner was presented to the Palm-

erston Home League. Sister Mrs. Mitchell was commissioned treasurer of the Palmerston League with fitting ceremony, by Mrs. Brigadier A. Steele. Novel and original were the choruses by which each League answered the roll call.

Speaking of the weapons of loyalty, faith and prayer, Mrs. Steele was used of God to reveal His truths. The atmosphere of solemnity and worship in which the gathering closed was evidence of the presence of the Holy Spirit.

The Palmerston Home League entertained the visiting Leagues at dinner following the afternoon rally. Included in the guests were executive officers of local organizations.

The Rally Program presented by members and their children in the Library Hall in the evening, was interest-filled.

The Listowel Band, conducted by Bandmaster Bailey, of Stratford, provided the music.

Salvation Snapshots

By MRS. ADJUTANT BRYANT

UNTOUCHED BY THE SMOKE

THEY were packed in like the proverbial sardines! But in spite of the discomforts of a much-too-crowded Hall, the enthusiastic Salvationism of the crowd could not be denied.

As the newly-appointed Officer contemplated the crowd before him, a determination took possession of him that something must be done to give these people space to enjoy greater freedom in worship.

Calling together his Local Officers after the meeting, he asked them what other accommodation could be found in the town. There was nothing suitable they assured him, so that it was decided then and there that they must build for themselves a new Citadel. But what about the money?

Local circumstances made it difficult to raise funds. Prospects were not too bright for securing the wherewithal to purchase lumber and necessary materials. However, early the next morning, the Officer set out to visit the lumber camps, some distance away. The men there would appreciate the position; they always had a warm heart for The Salvation Army and its activities.

When the lumbermen were approached, and the Captain had stated his mission, it was not long before he found that the amounts opposite the long list of names,

totaled quite a large sum. These promises were to be made good next pay-day, little more than a week away.

As arranged, the Captain went back to the camp to claim the promised subscriptions, only to find, when he arrived, that a disastrous fire had swept through the camp since his last visit, and also the camp office, plus its contents, was burned to the ground.

While giving a word of cheer and encouragement to the men who were clearing some of the debris, the Salvationist turned to find the camp cashier at his elbow. "You will be surprised to learn, sir," he said, "that in spite of the extent of the damage done, not one of your papers was destroyed, nor the money lost. There is not even the smell of smoke upon them!"

With grateful heart the Captain accepted the money which was placed in his hand, and with words of sincere appreciation for the good will shown his cause, he made his way home.

There was double reason for thanksgiving among the people when the Hall was at last erected—for did they not realize that God's special benediction was upon this endeavor, and that He had not even allowed the smell of fire to touch that which was given for His House of prayer and worship.

Practical and Gracious Ministry




Practical, effective, and achieving far-reaching results are the expertly-directed women's organizations in The Army. Especially useful in the community during war time, the Women's Social Department, the Home League, the League of Mercy and the Red Shield Women's Auxiliary have given excellent service as reports read during the Toronto Congress Women's Rally indicate. Hereunder are some highly informative extracts:

BECAUSE any service that helps the home life of the people is of national importance, the significance of work accomplished in this respect as indicated by figures quoted by the Territorial Home League Secretary, Mrs. Lieut.-F. Ham, at the Women's Congress gathering, will be promptly recognized.

From this précis of the work of the Home League in Canada it was learned that there are 385 Leagues in operation with a membership of 10,559 women. During one year 172 babies were dedicated in Home League meetings; 57 women professed conversion; 18 were enrolled as Soldiers; 15,129 people attended the quarterly meetings; 14,947 families were visited by members, 2,620 of these being families of men on active service. Emergency relief included gifts of 165 toys to poor families; 54 layettes to needy mothers; 8,857 articles of clothing; 398 quilts; 7 beds and mattresses; 3 cots; and \$1,101.65 was spent for medicines.

* * *

At this same gathering, Mrs. Colonel J. Tyndall, League of Mercy Secretary for the Territory, reviewed the accomplishments of this branch of service in 48 centres throughout the Dominion. For the purpose of bringing comfort, cheer and spiritual help to patients in hospitals, homes, and to inmates of jails, members doing this compassionate work visited 192,366 people, and prayed with 32,386. Toys for sick children, writing materials, and material help in the form of cloth-

ing and bedding were distributed. Over one thousand letters were written for or on behalf of patients, and 223,281 copies of The War Cry and Young Soldier were distributed, as well as Gospel portions for those who are not strong enough to hold Bibles in their hand. Where possible patients who cannot read English are supplied Gospel portions in their own language.

* * *

"The year has been an exceptional one with increased demands and more complicated problems because of world conditions," said Lieut.-Colonel H. Aldridge, as she

Home League Awards

Home League members throughout the Territory will be anxious to learn the winners of the awards for the current year.

These results have now been announced and are as follows:

The Territorial Home League Flag remains in Hamilton, Bermuda. This League has maintained first place with the largest membership, and the highest average weekly attendance.

The Territorial Advance Flag for the highest all-round increase in Home League activity goes to the League at Sarnia, Ontario.

For Outpost Leagues, Edmonton South gains the honors. It is not the largest one in the Territory, but it has made the highest all-round increase.

set forth details of the work of the Women's Social Department. In The Army's chain of 29 institutions across Canada, varying in purpose

(Continued on page 12)



Serving The Three Services

AT HOME AND OVERSEAS

THE COLONEL SAYS "WELCOME!"
Captain Gillespie, newly-appointed Red Shield Supervisor at Portage la Prairie, is welcomed by Colonel G. M. Ackland, officer-commanding the 100th Training Centre. Also in the photograph are Mrs. G. Waters, president of the R.S.W.A.; Mr. C. Millar, K.C., and Guard A. Linklater, all Army friends; and Adjutant H. Majury



REGINA'S REOPENING

Another "Comfort Corner"

BY providing and furnishing a recreational hut for the troops in Regina's bare grandstand building, The Salvation Army has illustrated its chief characteristics of being able to turn out a splendid job with a great economy of material."

This tribute was voiced by Brigadier W. W. Foster, D.S.O., district officer commanding, at the official reopening of the Red Shield Hut which caters to the comfort of troops of the army depot and others stationed in Regina garrison.

The Hut has been completely renovated to a point where an unattractive, cold basement has been converted into comfortable off-parade quarters with the warm atmosphere of home. The main room has literally had its face lifted!

Officers representing Saskatchewan's military district attended the reopening ceremonies, which were presided over by Brigadier W. J. Carruthers.

Mayor James Grassick and James Balfour, K.C., chairman of The Salvation Army's Advisory Board, delivered short addresses, and congratulations on the new Hut were forthcoming from Lieut.-Colonel W. Oake, who also spoke.

Captain Ivan Robson, Supervisor of the Hut, was introduced by Captain H. H. Brealey, Auxiliary Service Officer for M.D. 12.

Major and Mrs. L. Carswell sang a duet, and Major S. Farley, senior chaplain for M.D. 12, offered prayer.

SEND THEM GREETINGS!

Remember the Auxiliary Officers Overseas This Christmas

Address: 17 Cockspur Street, LONDON, S.W. 1, England: Brigadier T. H. Mundy, Supervisors A. Bruce, A. Dale, D. Ford, A. Fitch, C. Ferris, R. Gage, C. Godden, F. Howlett, H. Johnson, Wm. Jolly, C. Knaap, B. Meakings, A. Medlar, S. McKinley, S. Mundy, W. Pedlar, G. Pilfrey, W. Poulton, H. Roberts, A. Simester, J. Steele, G. Wagner, C. Warrander, B. Welbourn, H. Wellman.

Address: 101 Southampton Row, LONDON W.C. 1, England: Major Geo. Davis, Mrs. Major Gage, Mrs. Major Jolly, Mrs. Adjutant Pilfrey.

Captain C. Wiseman, Chaplain, 2nd Canadian Battalion, R.C.E., Canadian Army Overseas.

THE STREET OF THE RED SHIELD A Little Bit of Old London That Is Canada

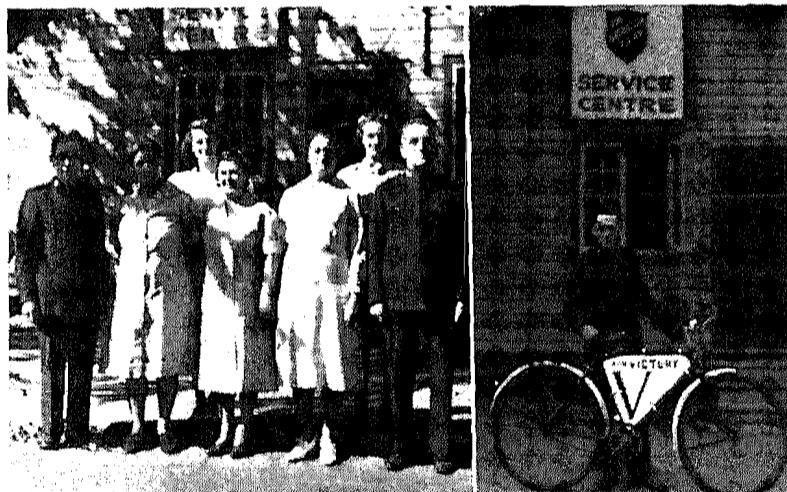
By COLONEL E. H. JOY (R)

HERE is one street in "little old London" (Eng.) that is more and more every day becoming Salvation Army, and that is Southampton Row. Poor old Queen Victoria Street no longer throbs with the coming and going of crowds of Salvationists as it has done for the past fifty years. The nightly exodus of hundreds of Officers and employees around 5 p.m., no longer functions. It has been split up among a dozen or so centres, east, south, west, and north, much to the amazement of some local denizens who probably never thought there were so many Salvationists in the country.

Southampton Row has awakened to a constant showing of Salvation Army purpose—not associated at all with the "Q.V. Street" blitz! Go along there at almost any hour of the day and you'll

of course it attracts attention. It is not as if it were some organization which hasn't a place in the affections of the British people; there are very few folks over here to-day but have a warm place in their hearts for The Army which their grandfathers greeted with brick-bats.

Just opposite "101," the Red Shield Club for Canadian Military men, is the storehouse and distributing depot of supplies for the Mobile Canteens, Centres, and other activities of our Auxiliary Services. Day by day the railroad vans deliver crates and packages of supplies: tea, sugar, candies, sports goods, writing-paper, and all the hundred and one utilities which the canteens carry for the servicing of the Canadians. Military and civil porters carry in and out the



IN CANADA'S CAPITAL CITY.—(Left) The staff of the Lansdowne Park Red Shield Service Centre, Ottawa, is seen outside the building. In the group are Lieut.-Colonel Geo. Smith (R) and Major and Mrs. C. Robinson. (Right) The Colonel poses with his "V for Victory" bicycle

find a good proportion of the "Row" marked "Salvation Army." From early until late, right on to the verge of "black-out," there is a line of lorries and trucks and utility wagons and autos outside the "Red Shield 101" waiting for their turn in the loading-up of supplies.

requisitioned goods—some of the former all a-keen to see that their particular Supervisor gets his full load—and one by one the loaded trucks and mobiles move off camp-wards, only to return in a few days for more.

It is no light task regulating these

HUMAN HEART-BEATS Jottings From a Red Shield Officer's Diary

THE following incidents from a Red Shield Officer's record, are indicative of the work which Salvationists are doing for men of the army and air force:

An air force instructor from England knelt in the Officers' Quarters, and prayed earnestly for God to keep him good, protect his loved ones, and bring others to the Fold. He gave a brief, inspiring talk during the Sunday night service.

A young Norwegian airman asked to see the Supervisor on Sunday evening after the service. With tears he told how keenly he felt the parting from his young bride, for he was soon to go over. Spiritual help and comfort were given. Someone in the city he had left was contacted, and visited the young wife. Although it was hard to do so, she spoke cheerfully over the telephone to her husband. Later a telegram, pleading her love and loyalty cheered his heart.

A soldier, about to leave for overseas, desired to have the Major pray with him, and at midnight, in the office, another man sought and found the Light of the World.

The Hostel Supervisor could not find time to attend an Army Hall to dedicate a baby he had been asked to present to God, so the Quarters of the Red Shield Hostel became the sacred place for the little one to be given back to the Heavenly Father. Some members of the staff assisted in the service.

supplies and seeing that the distribution is equalised. Britain is still the best provisioned country in Europe, but what with government regulations and rationing, it is not as easy as it would be in peace time to "feed the troops." There is, however, an office at 17 Cockspur Street, just around the corner from Whitehall and Trafalgar Square, where are adepts in seeing that the depot in Southampton Row wants for little.

There is nothing "hitty-missy" in the supplying. All requisitions are scrutinized and endorsed. The store-keeper knows just where to put his hands on boot-polish or butter-scotch. I have just been looking at the latest set of statistics of supplies, and see that, since this good work commenced, close upon three million men have been "serviced" from these stores. Biscuits have been supplied to the total of 3,542,566—the computation is done by so many biscuits per tin. Correspondence paper, envelopes, and blotters have long since passed the ten million mark.

Entertainment and musical equipment totals well into the two thousand and more; "general equipment," indicating cups, saucers, urns, hut-signs, books, and mouth-organs has now exceeded the 15,000 mark. Indoor games are responsible for another ten thousand items, and out-door games show up a total of more than 20,000, ranging from football lacing-aws to throwing hammers.

And if you question the need for all this, ask the G.O.C. of the Canadians, and he'll tell you that he and his fellow officers are mightily grateful for this contribution to the healthy morale of the waiting troops.



THEY GUARD THE OCEAN HIGHWAYS.—And when on shore-leave these naval ratings enjoy the comforts of the Queen's Square Red Shield Hostel at Saint John, N.B., of which Major and Mrs. Speller have charge

GOLDEN GLEAM:

If we see no faults in our own work we shall never do any better.

MEN of MARS

The Old Query Revives—Does Life Exist On This Fantastic and Fascinating Planet?

MARS is now nearer the earth than it has been for fifteen years, and once again people are asking the old question—can there be life on the planet? Now that it is merely thirty-six million miles away men are able to study it almost as intimately as if it were at the bottom of the garden, and they enjoy doing so, for, as Dr. H. Spencer Jones, the Astronomer Royal, recently stated, "Mars is a planet of irresistible fascination."

It is the one planet where changes almost certainly due to seasonal differences can be noted and provide evidence of life, even though it may be nothing more than plant life.

Elsewhere in the heavens where men have searched in the hope of finding life they have met with overwhelming evidence that such does not exist. Mercury and the moon have no atmosphere at all, so it is fantastic to suppose that life could survive on either. The four great planets, Neptune, Saturn, Uranus and Jupiter, are frozen wastes covered with ice coatings, thousands of miles thick, and an atmosphere ridden with methane, the deadly fadamp so potent a cause of death in coal-mines. No living thing could survive such conditions.

Venus cannot be seen for dense clouds always present, but it is known that her atmosphere consists largely of carbon dioxide, with no oxygen. It is thought that the planet might well be the home of life in the days to come for the conditions there now are somewhat similar to those thought by some to have prevailed on our own planet immeasurable days gone by.

Mars, however, is the planet where the conditions which could support life do prevail. There is moisture. True the centre of the planet is mainly huge and arid desert, but snow caps at the Poles, which melt under seasonal changes, can be seen with a moderate sized telescope. The snow cap is observed to melt, much as do our own Arctic and Antarctic snow belts. Dr. Spencer Jones is of the opinion that the total water available on the planet each season would be sufficient to fill a lake something the size of Wales,



and that this would have to suffice the needs of the whole planet.

In addition to water, Mars is known to have an atmosphere. How the experts know this can only be explained by a rather technical account involving details of infra-red rays, ultra-violet light and such things. But all are agreed that the camera plates do not lie on this point.

It is said also that the reddish color for which Mars is famous, and which makes it possible for the schoolboy to find the planet with ease, is a proof that there is oxygen, for the ruddy color is due to the oxidization of the rock surface. Free oxidization is only possible on a planet which has vegetation, and astronomers are sure that the color markings on Mars are due to seasonal vegetation changes.

Whatever lives on Mars must be extremely hardy, for though there is a noon temperature of about 50 degrees Fahrenheit, the atmosphere is so thin and contains so little moisture that by sunset the cold is intense, falling at night to about 130 degrees below zero Fahrenheit.

The greatest puzzle about Mars are the so-called canals. Some experts have seen them as clearly defined evidences of man's handiwork. An American astronomer, Lowell, saw them as artificially-constructed channels to carry the polar waters to the tropical centre of the planet. Other astronomers, however, see the canals as mere faint lines, and the opinion held by Lowell is now discounted by most experts who consider that the canals are unlikely to be artificial.

One sad thought about the speculation as to the planet is the almost certainty that life there is on the wane. Most of its atmosphere, and most of its moisture have gone, and such life as remains must be in its twilight, doomed to extinction in the near future as astronomers count time. Meanwhile the proximity of the planet has revived speculation and may inspire some writer to pen a fantasy, such as H. G. Wells' book about the Martians, a broadcast of which, in America recently, was so realistic that hundreds of people were panic-stricken, thinking that the Martians had really come.

PROPHETS OF THE COLD

THE frost is coming;
Listen how
They pass, those prophets of the cold
When dark the night and still.
We hear, above, a far, faint cry,
The wild fowl flying in the night
All through the dark, above the clouds,
Through silent night and chill.

What's that unknown hidden thing,
Unheeded by our grosser sense,
That tells them to be on the wing?
They feel, they fear, they fly.
The frost is coming,
Listen now!

B.E.K.

The Man and the Achievement

That Revolutionized The Graphic Arts

FIVE centuries have faded into history since the advent of moveable type marked the beginning of printing as we know it to-day. For four hundred and fifty years following that memorable occasion pictures could only be reproduced by hard black and white lines—many by the laborious wood-cut process, cut by the engraving tool, entirely by hand. In the eighteen thirties came the camera and the beginning of what is now photography, but for another half century no method was uncovered for the multiplication of tone—by the printing press



Stephen H. Horgan, 1854-1941

of copy carrying gradations of tone—at least with a degree of fidelity.

But a new era was destined to ap-

A SOLDIER'S DIET

The average cost of feeding a soldier in Canada in the military fiscal year was 31 cents a day.

During the year 42,678,678 rations—a man's ration covers his meals for a day—were issued. The present-day Canadian Soldier's diet was much improved over that available in the First Great War, when rations cost from 25 to 40 cents each.

CONCISE CLIPPINGS

Canada's production of crude petroleum and natural gasoline in the first five months of 1941 totalled 4,054,969 barrels as against 3,023,831 barrels in the corresponding period of 1940.

It has been found that earthworms go as much as six feet below the surface of the ground.

The best light-reflecting surface obtainable is highly polished silver.

Canada's area is more than 27 per cent. of the total area of the British Empire.

Buildings in Arabian towns are devoid of all decorations except on doorways.

MOON FACTS

The moon is dead and dry, without wind, water, water vapor, clouds, atmosphere or sound. Temperatures sky-rocket to approximately 120 degrees C. during the long lunar day, and fall to approximately minus 120 degrees C. during the long lunar night. These are the reasons why no trace of any kind of life has ever been seen. The moon is only 250,000 miles away.

The Magazine Page

PILLARS OF THE PAST

A USTRALIAN soldiers clamber over the fallen masonry of the Temple of Bacchus at Baalbeck, a beautiful Syrian resort, famous in winter and summer alike. The Roman edifices, magnificent even in their ruin, attract many visitors to the city which lies about forty miles from Beirut.

A Weekly Message from The Army's
International Leader



FROM MY DESK

By the General

General G. L. Carpenter

An Undesigned Peal of Bells

MAILS continue to arrive from many parts of the world, though there are gaps to which we never become accustomed. How we shall welcome those first letters that will come from the sealed lands, telling of devotion and faithfulness through all the darkness and separation.

And through the mails there sometimes runs a connecting link which no one has designed. It is like the undertone of bells rung at a far distance from each other and yet blending in sweet music.

A LETTER from Sweden tells this delightful story. A new Corps had been opened at Skelleftehamn. Some children were converted there. They asked if they could be provided with the ribbons given to adult Recruits?

The Captain, wishing to preserve the meaning of The Army Colors, said that for the moment the ribbons would not be distributed to children. They must come again and see what happened if they continued to be good.

At that the children left, but in the street one of them found a brilliant solution. Lying there was a two-colored typewriter-ribbon, bright red and dark blue!

This was seized upon and cut into small lengths.

The next time those children went to The Army they all wore their (typewriter) ribbons proudly and properly fixed to their coats, as a sign that they had "joined up!"

I should imagine that the Captain who was anxious to preserve his tri-color standards saw visions of what could be done with children like that.

Is it too much to hope that when I visit Sweden, as I hope to do at the very first opportunity, I shall be introduced to the Young People's Singing Company from Skelleftehamn, among the members the typewriter-ribbon wearers?

It is a joy to know that Sweden has held a splendid series of Young People's Days, with excellent attendances, in spite of traffic limitations. An encouraging feature was the praying with unconverted young people. Thirty youths sought Salvation at Malmö, twenty at Jonkoping, and twenty at Upsala.

SO much for Sweden's young folk. Are they any different from the young folk, say, in China? I think not when I read of the way in which they crowd into The Army's School in Wanchai, on Hong Kong Island.

Day school and night school are busy in most unsuitable premises. It seems that their anxiety to get hold of knowledge is as deep as their desire to share in the good things at the food kitchen.

Lieut.-Colonel William Darby, the Officer Commanding South China, asks if there is not a General's Birthday Fund or something to provide the means for erecting a suitable building. I am afraid there is not, but if any one else has a birthday and a suggestion for celebrating it....

Turning to news from North China I read how at T'ongshan announcements were made that a Primary School would be opened. The Corps Officer prepared desks for thirty-five scholars. A hundred names were registered and he began with seventy-five children, over 100 per cent up on his faith!

NORTH INDIA mail arrives, and I am told of two of our young women who were offered the powerful inducement of advanced free education if they would leave the Flag.

The whole village was affected, being offered a further inducement if these two young Salvationists would accept. But they stood firm, choosing to do without certain advantages rather than depart from their faith. How splendid of them!

Two other little bells join in this unpremeditated peal. One rings in a letter from a Torchbearer Secretary in Great Britain, who writes:

"I have been surprised during the past few days to hear young girls of the 18-20 age talking religion while walking along the streets, obviously trying to influence each other. One said: 'Well, the Bible says that he who forsakes not his father and mother to follow Me is not worthy of Me.' She was not at all the type of girl I would expect to be talking like that. The other was telling her companion strongly that we must all have done some wrong in our lives, and that was why Jesus died."

The following strikes a somewhat discordant note. Perhaps it is the moving discord which will attract us to the theme. From a Corps comes the word that "several persons consecrated themselves to God and a boy."

I do not for the moment think that the writer would wish to imply that the boy was not a person.

But there still is a tendency to think that boys and girls do not count as much as grown-up people.

I recall the late Commissioner Kitching's remarks that he was not accounted by the Penitent-Form workers, when, as a boy, he sought Salvation!

These little glimpses from international mails may help us to realize that they often count a great deal more.

They have high spirits, ingenuity, courage, and enthusiasm—the very qualities the Kingdom needs!

Our Overseas Correspondent states that Canadians in England find always ajar the black oak doors of

THE OLD HOUSE



I KNOW a gracious and rambling old house "somewhere" on the borders of Sussex, where every mouthful of food seems savored with the piquancy of the past.

I intend no reflection on the freshness of that food!

Actually, in this land so crowded with delectable little inns boasting cuisines fit to warm the cockles of any epicure's heart, I have yet to find a finer place in which to eat, rationing notwithstanding.

Mystery enshrouds the exact age of The Old House. It is as delicately secretive on the issue of age as the comfortably-proportioned lady who owns it. She bustles about breezily, her white-starched pinafore crackling stiffly over a dark-blue dress, a handsome heap of graying hair gracefully steeped atop her head like some ancient tiara.

She did admit that she was not as old as the house. "It has been in my family for over three hundred years." Beyond that, I gathered, the story merges in the mists of antiquity. Back in those mists you might stumble upon anything—shining knights and their ladies, cavaliers, even Roundheads and perhaps tonsured monks.

"We acquired it by 'squatter's rights,'" I was informed, as though it happened yesterday.

"Before 1700 someone found that there were no title deeds to the place. The local authorities knew that it had belonged to our family farther back than anyone could remember even in that day, and so they said we should keep it. We've been here ever since."

There was a ring of finality about her tones. The Old House was settled in her family for eternity.

You have seen Canadian country homes that commenced with a single, all-purpose room, then, as the family grew or finances improved, developed by erratic additions to their present proportions, with no attempt to unify the newer elements. Such places look a hodge-podge, as though the kitchen were always ready to run away from the dining-room, and the back-bedroom prepared at an instant to desert the rest of the house.

I think The Old House must have grown like that for it is full of strange corners and surprising projections. But time has smoothed away its eccentricities. It is not a hodge-podge now, whatever it may have been. It is a mellowed unity, bound together by sage and ivy

by

"Salvationist In Khaki"

creepers and age-darkened beams.

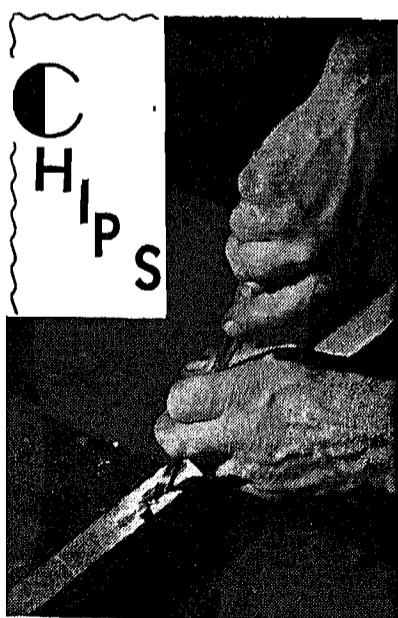
I should like you to see the room that now is the public dining-room, with its quaint brasses, its carved, scratched beams black with years, its mulioned windows that look out upon a rose garden so lovely and graceful that it makes one think of a bride adorned for her wedding day.

Men were certainly not giants when The Old House was built! Its ceilings are so low that a six-footer cannot stand upright. Coming through the door-way even a five-foot-eighter must stoop to avoid painful collision. Probably it was built like that for protection—who knows? I remember old houses in Edinburgh with similar low doors, so that an entering enemy would have to half-crouch and thus be more vulnerable to the explosive attentions of his host.

Crowning glory of The Old House is the main fire-place. Its gaping mouth stretches half across the wall of the dining-room. It grins gaily at you, slyly, too, as though it would delight to whisper confidentially in your ear the sights it has seen through the centuries.

And what a tale it could tell! Cavalcades of crinolines and coiffures. Strange triumph of drab trousers over brilliant breeches and satin stockings. Recession of Dobbies in favor of the petrol-buggy. Romance, tragedy—all would have a place in the tale.

To-day a motley host of moderns warm before its flickering fire. From London they come to visit their evacuee children living in the neighborhood. There are khaki patrons, too, with more of an eye for pastry than the past. But I am sure that when my thoughts turn to The Old House in days to come, in addition to its luxurious aroma of freshly-baked bread I shall recall its kind and gallant loveliness. It has been exceedingly courtly to Canadians. We pay it our grateful respects. We wish it many more centuries of unspoilt peace and usefulness.



FROM WISDOM'S WORKSHOP

Spiritual sunshine seems to be one of the few effective remedies for spiritually stiff joints. Limber up and take a sunbath occasionally.

Most, if not all of the best and essential things in life are free. Why hanker after expensive luxuries?

Give to the world the best you have and the best will come back to you.

Out Where The West Begins

Stimulating and God-Honored Congress Events In Manitoba's Capital City

GEOPGRAPHICAL centre of the North American continent and exactly midway between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, Manitoba provided the scene of activity for Divisional Congress gatherings following the memorable meetings held at Toronto. To Winnipeg, the precise focal point, came delegates from all parts of their wide-spreading and typical prairie province where enormous herds of buffalo once held undisputed sway.

The very name "Manitoba" invites imaginative conjecture, but authorities are inclined to differ as to the derivation. Some say it comes from the Ojibway Indian words, "Manitou bau," meaning "the strait of the Spirit," or "Manitou," and others aver that the name was derived from the Indian words, "Minetobow," which means "lake of the prairie," or in French, "Lac du Prairies," the name used by La Verendrye, famous eighteenth century explorer when describing the great inland body of water now known as Lake Manitoba.

Winnipeg, the capital city, situated at the confluence of the historic Red and Assiniboine Rivers, to the amazed visitor from the east rises unexpectedly from the vast wheat-filled plains like some futuristic city of to-morrow with its sky-piercing modern business buildings and large and beautiful provincial and civic edifices. Actually this world-noted "Gateway to the Golden West" is an ultra-modern community, utilizing electrical and other power resources to the utmost advantage.

From the earliest years of Congress gatherings in the West, where "the heart is a little warmer and the handgrips a little stronger," Manitoba Salvationists have delighted in these annual stir-up events, and those held during the week-end of October 27-30, proved no exception to the rule, though somewhat affec-



A city of modern buildings and broad thoroughfares is Winnipeg, Capital City of Manitoba, where successful Congress gatherings inspired Salvationists of the Gateway Province

ted at the outset by the fact that the Toronto-Winnipeg train bearing the Territorial Leader was unavoidably delayed several hours by the unfortunate derailment of a freight train on the line ahead during the night, resulting in badly-smashed cars and necessitating the aid of a wrecking-crane and crew.

However, Western comrades are nothing if not resourceful, and upon receipt of a wire stating the cause of the delay the Divisional Commander, Brigadier G. Wilson, speedily made suitable arrangements for the initial meetings which, despite the natural feeling of disappointment, were of an excellent character and well attended by representative and enthusiastic audiences, including delegates from many prairie centres.

ONE of the veterans with a flair for reminiscence recalled that in 1906, when the Founder visited Winnipeg he lined out the very song that opened the Holiness meeting in the No. I Citadel on Sunday morning — "Cleansing for me."

Lieut.-Colonel Oake piloted the opening exercises and Major R. McCaughey pleaded for a generous shower of blessings and a stirring of dormant fires, to which was added fervent Amens. The centre block of seats in the Citadel was a colorful spectacle, and Mrs. Adjutant Wagner, Superintendent of Nurses at Grace Hospital, beamed as she led in her group of student and

graduate nurses, in their spotless white and blue uniforms.

Brigadier Wilson made an acceptable explanation of the unavoidable absence of the Toronto party and appealed for the prayerful support of all Salvationists in order to main-



Hon. James McLenaghan, Attorney-General and Minister of Public Health and Welfare in Manitoba, who presided at the Congress Sunday Afternoon Rally in Winnipeg

tain the high traditional standard of previous Congress Sundays. "Wonderful Healer, touch me again," sang the united Songsters, led by Major Fred Merrett, and this expression paved the way toward the choice Bible portion read by Mrs. Brigadier Barclay.

The Divisional Commander in his address set up the Biblical standards for a holy life.

The amalgamated Bands of St. James and Ellice Avenue provided excellent musical accompaniment to the congregational songs, and the soulful rendition of Major E. Grinsted's setting to the old song, "He leadeth me, O blessed thought," was sung as a duet by Deputy Songster Leader and Mrs. Badley.

THE body of the Dominion Theatre for the afternoon gathering presented an inspiring appearance. On the one side was a large group of naval men from the training ship "Winnipeg" and on the other was a group of the Women's Auxiliary Corps in their natty uniforms of air-force blue.

These two groups en route to the Citizens' Rally drew much attention in the downtown district, and the reciprocal gesture of Bandmaster Gerald Linklater and his Band in parading the Women's Corps from their headquarters was appreciated. There was a splendid response from service clubs and societies and from many groups of citizens who readily gave their welcome support. This fact was adequately evidenced by the splendid assemblage of civic and provincial dignitaries on the platform, and which included representatives from thirty-five service clubs and societies. Prominent citizens included Mrs. F. L. Lloyd, president Women's Canadian Club; Colonel J. Y. Reid, executive Board of Trade; J. H. G. Russell, Rotary International; Brigadier-General H. Riley, G.O.C., M.D. 10; A. W. Klieforth, American Consul General; Group Captain R. J. Grant, R.C.A.F.; H. G. Dawson, Central Social Agency Council; Commander T. C. Orde, R. Canzay, and Rev. W. E. Donnelly, president Ministerial Association.

The Citadel Band and the United Songster Brigade provided music during the afternoon.

Dr. Riddell, of United Colleges, read Psalm 46, and Lieut.-Colonel Oake introduced the chairman, Hon. James McLenaghan, Attorney-General and Minister of Public Health and Welfare in Manitoba, as a warm Army friend. Mr. McLena-
(Continued on page 13)



Distinguished citizens, prominent clergymen and high military officials, all cordial Army friends, occupied the platform during the Congress Citizens' Rally. The Hon. J. McLenaghan is seen while delivering his address

NOTES BY

R. S. W. A.**The Territorial Secretary**
Mrs. Colonel Peacock

While visiting at Verdun a Red Shield Women's Auxiliary Rally was convened for Monday afternoon. A representative company of women, including members of many sister organizations, attended. Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Best presided over the gathering. Congratulations are due to Mrs. Captain Rankin for capable arrangements. A splendid display of goods from other Auxiliaries indicated the manner in which our women are working in and around Montreal. Sister Mrs. J. Elder, president of the Verdun Auxiliary, spoke; Sister Mrs. Leight sang, and Sister Mrs. Richardson, president of the Rosemount Auxiliary, read the Scripture. Verdun members have sent in during the year 434 articles for servicemen and bombed victims. The far-reaching effect of this ministry may be determined in some measure by a letter received by Sister Mrs. J. Elder from one of the men overseas:

"Dear Mrs. Elder.—The other day there was a terrific yell and I looked out of the tent in time to see a mad dash in the general direction of the Squadron Q.M. stores and knowing full well it must be something out of the ordinary I joined in. On the way up everyone was passing around news that there was to be an issue of Red Shield socks. When we got into the stores they were issuing the socks and I grabbed a pair that were nice and soft and woolly. They were a smart-looking pair of a sort of heather

mixture and inside was a paper bearing your name and address, hence this little note of appreciation.

"Honestly, you will never realize just how much a pair of socks are appreciated especially in a country like this where everything is always cold and wet, in fact, the only thing that ever appealed to me to be colder or wetter than this country was the Atlantic Ocean, so you may well understand that an issue of Red Shield socks is something to write about."

"It is my first time away from Canada and quite naturally I feel homesick. You see, we have not been here very long, so a gift from a perfect stranger in Canada does much to cheer a man up. It makes him feel as if he is not quite as deep in the discard as he imagined, and he realizes that there are still lots of nice people in the world, after all. Perhaps it will interest you to know that your gift will be worn by an operator in the biggest and best type of tank in England, and to add more glory to them our regiment is the senior, in the first armored brigade, 1st Armored Division, but no matter how good the tank nor how concealed the wireless operator the steel floor of the said tank is always horribly cold to the feet, so thanks a million for the socks."

* * *

Among the many beautiful articles on display at the meeting was a lovely afghan made by Miss Ruth Morris, a young woman who is greatly handicapped by physical weakness, but who determined to help in our great effort to assist the needy. Another evidence of the truth of the old saying, "Where there's a will, there's a way."

During the gathering special mention was made of Mrs. Thompson, of Montreal Citadel, who has knitted 140 pairs of socks; Mrs. Cunningham, of Verdun, who has completed over 100 pairs, and Miss Morris, the invalid mentioned above, who has made three beautiful afghans.

* * *

Many letters are being received from England and all parts of Canada. A copy of one from a patient in an English hospital is given:

"My dear friends of the Red Shield.—Just a few 'Golden Heads,' lovely Marigolds, stand by my side on my locker as I write this to you. These beauties prompt me to write to you in gratitude, for I am the wearer of the lovely pyjamas you so kindly sent to England, and the day I was removed here, seriously

The War Cry Christmas Number

An Appraisal by "Glen Wotty"

THE first thing that struck me on seeing the Christmas Number of The War Cry was the good quality of the paper and the excellent printing. The color pictures are very fine and the reading matter both helpful and instruc-

leaders of to-day are represented by splendid articles, and others of the rank and file who love the Lord contribute interesting and worth-while articles.

Here are some of the outstanding features:

Commissioner B. Orames: "Mine Eyes Have Seen Thy Salvation"—A Christmas Message.

General Carpenter: "Self-giving Victorious"—the true way to victory.

Mrs. General Carpenter writes a moving story of Christmas celebrations in an air-raid shelter.

Colonel G. W. Peacock: "The Magic of Christmas," based on one of Dickens' quotations.

"L.D.": "Light and Shade in South India"—Christmas with the Leper.

Gladstone Faraday: "Truelove's Strange Christmas Guest," A story that would please The Army's Founder.

"Angel Lane": ". . . Days to Christmas"—really interesting.

Henry F. Milans: "Christmas Day—His Birthday."

Captain A. Brown: "Canada Calling" (The war guest who found THE Friend).

Space will not allow enumeration of many other articles but I must mention the page of carol selections—and other poems in this issue. There are nearly fifty fine illustrations and photographs occupying the number—some of the illustrations are full page—a really remarkable issue. It puzzles me how it can be produced for ten cents. By all means get a copy—and you will want to get several!



tive. For those who would remember their friends, a useful gift at a small cost is this number. In my opinion it would be much more appreciated than a Christmas card. Most of The Army's

ill, I found a very cheery verse which helped me much, and also your address which gives me wonderful opportunity to write and express my thanks.

"You know we women here in England do admire you all for what you are doing for us. We do indeed pray for you all and thank you in God's name for everything you have done and are doing to lighten our sorrows."

We are always delighted to welcome new members and each month our hearts are encouraged by new groups from unexpected far-off places, expressing a wish to join us.

Recently we received information of another organization being formed at North Sydney, N.S. (my home town), by the Women's Volunteer Reserve Corps, the O.C., Mrs. Marie C. Murray, being the president. Mrs. Murray reports having sent a splendid shipment.

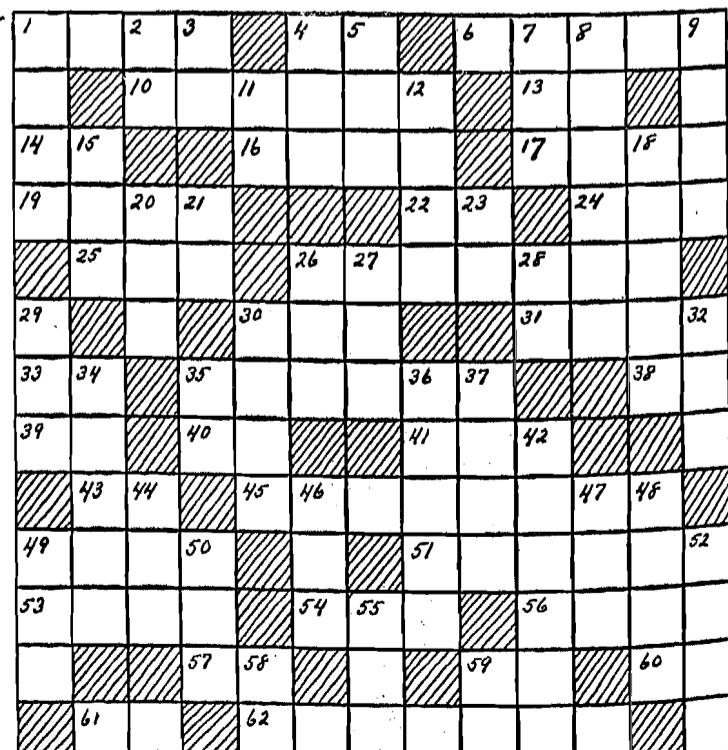
Whom Say Ye That I Am?

(Continued from page 3)
He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free,
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avails for me.

"Whom say ye that I am?" "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God!"

BIBLE CROSSWORD PUZZLE

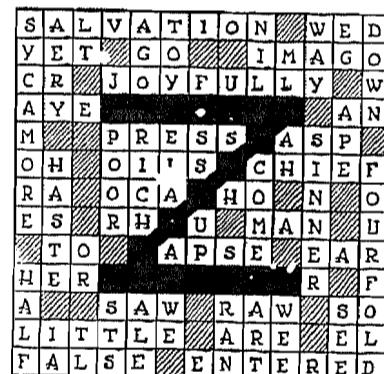
THE LIFE OF CHRIST—44



18 "according to all the of it" Num. 9:3
19 At sea
20 New High German
21 Eye (Scot.)
22 "All these things have I kept from my youth , Matt. 19:20
23 "Kind of grain
24 "He saith among the trumpets, Job 39:25
25 "I cannot dig; to I am ashamed" Luke 16:3
26 "cut . . . branches" Matt. 21:8
27 "and strewed them in the . . ." Matt. 21:8
28 " . . . them, and bring them unto me" Matt. 21:2
29 Compound of tar and other substances
30 Browning slice of bread
31 "giving sound, whether pipe or . . ." I Cor. 14:7
32 "and . . . them, and bring them unto me" Matt. 21:2
33 Calcium
34 " . . . them, and bring them unto me" Matt. 21:2
35 "whereon yet never man . . ." Luke 19:30
36 " . . . such things as are set before you" Luke 10:8
37 " . . . a colt with her" Matt. 21:2
38 " . . . And which of you with taking thought can . . . to his stature one cubit" Luke 12:25
39 " . . . found the colt tied by the . . ." Mark 11:4
40 " . . . Snakelike fish
41 " . . . King of Bashan, Josh. 13:12
42 " . . . Indian plant producing dye
43 " . . . District of Columbia
44 " . . . A combining form signifying round
45 " . . . Period

"And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest." —Matt. 21:9.

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle



THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM HORIZONTAL

- 1 "saying, Who is . . ." Matt. 21:10
4 "behold, t h e world gone after him" John 12:19
6 "but when . . . was glorified, then remembered they" John 12:16
10 To drag again
12 Associated Press ; Apostle
14 "called the altar . . ." Josh. 22:34
16 "all the . . . was moved" Matt. 21:10
17 "when t h e unclean spirit had . . . him" Mark 1:26
19 "All this was . . . that it might be fulfilled" Matt. 21:4
22 Ruthenium
24 Outfit of tools
25 "And the disciples went, and did as Jesus commanded them" Matt. 21:6
26 See 8 down
30 "Rejoice ye in that joy" Luke 6:23
31 Over again
32 Hebrew deity
35 "Behold, thy King unto thee" Matt. 21:5
38 South America
39 " . . . into the village over against you" Matt. 21:2
40 The end of the law
41 "as an . . . whose leaf fadeth" Isa. 1:30
43 "cometh in the name of the Lord" Matt. 21:9
45 "Ye seek Jesus of

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada, Alaska, Newfoundland and Bermuda
William Booth, Founder
George L. Carpenter, General International Headquarters
101 Queen Victoria St. - London, E.C.
BENJAMIN ORAMES, Commissioner Territorial Headquarters
James and Albert Sts. - Toronto

Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada, Alaska, Newfoundland, and Bermuda by The Salvation Army Printing House, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, Canada.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The War Cry, including the special Easter and Christmas issues, will be mailed to any address in Canada for \$2.50 prepaid.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOV. 8, 1941

GENERAL ORDER

At all Corps throughout the Territory, Corps Cadet Sunday will be observed on November 30, 1941.

BENJAMIN ORAMES,
Commissioner.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

APPOINTMENTS

Major George Davis to Red Shield Hotel, London, England (in charge). Captain Margaret Longhurst to Sydney Hospital.

Pro-Lieutenant Mable Sweetapple to The Anchorage, St. John's, Nfld.

ADMITTED TO THE LONG SERVICE ORDER

Mrs. Major Charles Kinnings.
BENJAMIN ORAMES,
Commissioner.

COMING EVENTS

COMMISSIONER B. ORAMES

- ***VANCOUVER:** Thurs-Mon Nov 6-10 (Congress Gatherings)
- ***WRANGELL:** Fri-Mon Nov 14-17 (Congress Gatherings)
- ***JUNEAU:** Wed-Mon Nov 19-24 (Congress Gatherings)
- *The Field Secretary will accompany.
- *The Editor-in-Chief will accompany.

LIEUT.-COLONEL BEST: Arnprior, Sat-Sun Nov 8-9; Petawawa, Mon 10; Carleton Place, Tues 11; Kemptonville, Wed 12

LIEUT.-COLONEL HOGGARD: Danforth, Sun Nov 9; West Toronto, Sat-Sun 15-16

LIEUT.-COLONEL MERRITT: Camp Borden, Sun Nov 16

Brigadier Keith: East Toronto, Sat-Mon Nov 15-17; Listowel, Sun 23 (Young People's Councils); Hamilton, Mon 24 (Young People's Workers' Conference)

Brigadier Morris: Leamington, Sun Nov 9

Brigadier (Chaplain - Major) Steele: Mount Dennis, Sun Nov 9; Earlscourt, Sun 23 (evening)

Major E. Green: Sackville, Sun Nov 9, Tues 11; Springhill, Mon 10; Moncton, Wed 12; Saint John Brinley Street, Fri 14; Saint John West Side, Sun 16, Fri 28; Fredericton, Tues 18; Campbellton, Wed 19; Saint John North End, Fri 21, Sun 30; Glace Bay, Sat-Mon 22-24

Major G. Mundy: Danforth, Sun Nov 16

Major Raymer: Huntsville, Sun-Mon Nov 9-10; Hallybury, Sat 15; Cobalt, Sun 16; New Liskeard, Sun 16; Fenelon Falls, Sun-Mon 23-24; Midland, Sun 30

ARMY FRIEND PASSES

KNOWN to large numbers of Salvationists and others because of his consistent Christian activity through the years, Mr. Lloyd Raymer, of Toronto, was recently called Home. The funeral service, attended by many Officer-friends, was conducted by Commissioner E. I. Pugmire, Territorial Commander of the Central United States Territory, a brother-in-law of the promoted comrade.

Mrs. Commissioner Orames, Mrs. Colonel G. W. Peacock, and Lieut.-Colonel Bert Pugmire were among those present at the impressive service, during which Colonel Gideon Miller (R) offered prayer.

Mr. Raymer, who was an ardent lover of souls, for many years conducted an "Eventide Hour" broadcast over a Toronto station every Sunday, using mainly Salvation Army records for music. This endeavor, with others, made his name widely recognized as a man of God.

Major R. Raymer, Divisional Commander of the Northern Ontario Division, is a brother of the late Mr. Raymer.

VICTORIES AT ST. THOMAS

The Chief Secretary Pays Busy and Fruitful Visit to Thriving Ontario Centre

THE visit of the Chief Secretary, Colonel G. W. Peacock, to the thriving centre of St. Thomas, was filled not only with appointments, but also with the blessing of God. Accompanied by the Divisional leaders, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. F. J. Riches, and Major F. Garnett, the visitor was warmly welcomed by the Corps Officers, Major and Mrs. J. Bond, and the Soldiery.

Inspiring meetings were held in the morning and evening at the Citadel where a spirit of devotion and enthusiastic Salvationism co-mingled. The Colonel's messages were forceful and direct, appealing to the hearts and minds of his hearers, and resulting in seven surrenders in the Salvation meeting.

In the afternoon, citizens of all degree rallied to the Capitol Theatre when the Colonel addressed the audience. Basing his remarks upon his recent, interest-filled visit to the Old Land, the Colonel sketched life in war-time England, and made known the widespread operations of the Red Shield Services among the

troops and civilians. Dr. P. Dobson, principal of Alma College, presided, and the Rev. Mr. Hone, and the Rev. Mr. McGrath also took part.

At all of the day's gatherings the local Band and Songster Brigade rendered faithful service.

On Monday the Colonel visited the T.T. School of the R.C.A.F., and spoke to more than five hundred students at the Collegiate Institute who provided an alert and highly appreciative audience. At noon, the Colonel was the guest speaker at the regular luncheon meeting of the Kiwanis Club.

S.A.A.S. NEW ADDRESS

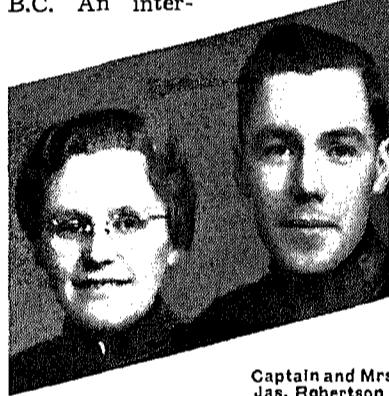
Word has been received that the Registered Offices of The Salvation Army Assurance Society, Ltd., is now "Roschill," Peppared Road, Emmer Green Reading, Berks, and not 107, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

All communications intended for the Chief Offices of the Society should be addressed accordingly.

CONTINUAL COMRADES

Captains Lily Osell and James Robertson United Under the Colors At South Edmonton

THE South Edmonton Citadel was the scene of the recent wedding of Captain Lily Osell, the Corps Officer, to Captain James Robertson, of Kamloops, B.C. An inter-



Captain and Mrs. Jas. Robertson

ested crowd gathered from far and near to witness the ceremony.

The service was led by Major

David Rea, of the Red Shield Service Centre, who also conducted the ceremony. Prayer was offered by Adjutant B. Dumerton, and the Scripture portion was read by Mrs. Major Rea. The bride was attended by Captain Elizabeth Robertson, of Vancouver Heights, sister of the groom, while Captain S. Mattison, of Wetaskiwin, supported the groom. Throughout the service Mrs. Captain Mattison played suitable music on the piano, and Captain W. Moon of Camrose, sang during the signing of the register.

Many guests attended the reception at the home of Major and Mrs. Rea. Congratulatory messages from the Field Secretary, Brigadiers Junker and Ursaki, and others, were read by Captain Mattison during the reception. Captain E. Robertson and Major Rea spoke. Captain and Mrs. J. Robertson in reply stated their determination to put God first in their lives and to do their utmost for the extension of the Kingdom.

Practical and Gracious Ministry

(Continued from page 4)

from General and Maternity Hospitals, to homes for unmarried mothers, aged women and children, 17,461 patients were admitted; 10,236 infants were born; 2,516 unmarried mothers were cared for. In addition to the medical side of this ministry, 920 delinquent girls were re-established, and 120 women and 228 children were in residence in happy surroundings during the year.

After explaining in detail the work of the Police Court Officers, the Colonel added, "Every case handed over to these Officers, is carefully and consistently followed up." This summarized in figures meant 3,684 interviews; 1,207 visits, and a considerable quantity of correspondence.

It was also revealed that plans for increased accommodation at a number of centres to meet new demands were rapidly being carried out.

* * *

The Red Shield Women's Auxiliary report was read by Mrs. Brigadier A. Keith. Mrs. Colonel Peacock is the Territorial Secretary.

The women of Canada have shown their loyalty and devotion to the cause of freedom in more

ways than one, but their most outstanding achievement is the tons of clothing and soldiers' comforts they have made and contributed. Some idea of the actual extent of this work may be gained from the report of the year's work.

This reveals that there are over 900 groups of women who regularly meet to sew garments, knit comforts for servicemen in this country and overseas, and to sort, pack and despatch garments for bombed victims of all ages. The membership is now well over 30,000, with auxiliaries formed in churches, clubs, women's societies, banks, offices, factories and institutions.

Soldiers' comforts in the form of socks, sweaters, pyjamas, scarves, cuffs, mitts, helmets, hospital supplies, numbering 458,271 articles, were received at the Toronto centre, and 335,609 were distributed. Clothing and requirements of all kinds for bombed victims received totaled 343,275, and 309,827 garments were shipped overseas; the remainder awaits shipping accommodation.

Mending rooms at 24 centres constantly serve the men, and Hostess Houses providing accommodation for women relatives of soldiers in ten cities, catered to the needs of 59,020 persons, and served 423,022 meals.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

The Chief Secretary, Colonel G. W. Peacock, recently addressed the Dickens Fellowship in the Central Public Library Auditorium, Toronto. The Colonel was also the special speaker at a meeting of the East York Collegiate Home and School Association.

* * *
Lieut.-Colonel J. Habkirk, who lives in retirement at Vancouver, B.C., is ill and in hospital.

* * *
Major David Snowden, Public Relations Representative at Halifax, N.S., conducted the church parade service of the 60th Reserve Company, Veterans' Guard of Canada. He also addressed the Soldiers' and Airmen's Christian Association at special anniversary celebrations.

* * *
The daughter of the late Commandant and Mrs. Coate, who were well known by older Salvationists in Canada, has been promoted to Glory from Nashville, Tennessee.

* * *
Mrs. Adjutant W. Ross, of Lisgar Street, Toronto, has left Grace Hospital where she underwent a successful operation.

* * *
Mrs. Adjutant Arthur Moulton, of St. John's, Nfld., is recovering from an operation in Grace Hospital.

* * *
A baby boy has arrived to brighten the home of Captain and Mrs. R. Frewing, who are stationed at Red Deer, Alta.

* * *
Captain D. Fisher, Sackville, N.B., would appreciate messages from Officers formerly stationed at that centre, to be read at the re-opening of the renovated Hall and Quarters on November 8.

* * *
Captain J. Edmiston, of Wallaceburg, Ont., was the speaker at a banquet given by the Baptist Young People to delegates attending their annual convention. The Captain also spoke to the local Presbyterian Youth Group on the work of The Army.

* * *
Lieutenant Gladys Badcock, of the Anchorage, Alaska, is recovering from an operation.

* * *
Brother "Dad" Gould, whose cheerful management for so many years of the Territorial Headquarters elevator endeared him to thousands of Salvationists and business callers, is quite ill in the East General Hospital, Toronto.

"IN BETWEEN" EVENTS

Territorial Commander's Active Stay in Winnipeg

DURING his stay in Winnipeg the Commissioner transacted much business in between meetings and also visited sick comrades. On Monday he addressed a meeting of the Advisory Board, presided over by Mr. W. H. Gardner, giving an enlightening resumé of The Army's progress, and on Tuesday addressed a gathering of Kiwanis Club members with much acceptance at their weekly luncheon in the Royal Alexandra Hotel. Mr. Robert Hazell, president of the Club, presided at this large assembly of prominent business and professional men who paid the guest speaker the compliment of perfect attention.

The Commissioner also inspected the rapidly-rising new Nurses' Residence adjoining Grace Hospital, which it is hoped will be ready for opening around Christmas time. Other additions and alterations now in progress are expected to make this noted institution one of the largest and best equipped hospitals for maternity and general work on the North American continent. Major Pearl Payton is the Superintendent.

A GLEANER'S PORTION

A Series of Stimulating Bible Studies

By MURIEL HOLDEN

12—Friendships of the Bible

Part II.—THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE WORLD

MANY earthly friendships are spoken of in the Bible, from the beautiful affinity between David and Jonathan to the jackal friendship of Hu-shai; from the wonderful privilege that Abraham had in being called the friend of God, to the terrible treachery of Judas. Yet we find that the friendship of the world is the exact opposite of the friendship of Jesus. Earthly friendship may be very beautiful, and often is, but there will never fail to come a time when that earthly friend will disappoint us or in some way fail us. It must be so, for there is only ONE who never fails. The complaint of Job was that "my kinsfolk have failed, and my familiar friends have forgotten me" (Job 19:14), and many of us know how sadly true is his experience.

It is heart-rending to be disappointed in one's friends, and yet we will persist in expecting that they will not fail us. Sometimes perhaps we lean too heavily upon our friends, and then the Lord allows them to fail us in order that we may learn to bring our trials and troubles to Him, instead of to other poor human beings like ourselves.

It is perhaps significant that the only really beautiful friendship in the Bible is that of David and Jonathan; the others merely illustrate human frailty. Job's three friends made an appointment together to come and comfort him and mourn with him. Their intention appears to be excellent, but how did they carry it out? By telling him that his misfortunes must have been brought about by his own folly, or that he must have been very wicked or God would not have allowed such trials to come upon him. We know that people's misfortunes are indeed sometimes brought upon

SALVATION STORIES

BELOWING that there are scores of good "human stories" relating to The Salvation War which never have been permanently recorded, the Editor invites readers to send particulars of any interesting incident (serious or humorous) which may have come to their notice. A book to the value of \$2.50 from the Trade Department will be awarded to the sender of the best story to reach the Editorial office before November 15.

them by their own acts, but we may learn from the "friends" of Job that the time of their calamity is not the time to reproach them.

The hollow friendship of the world is well illustrated as we read of the friends of Haman. (Esther 5:9-14.) It will be recalled that Haman had just been invited to dine with the king and queen, and his upstart heart was filled with pride. As he went swelling forth from the royal presence, whom should he meet in the gateway but Mordecai; Mordecai the Jew, who had always refused to accord him the servile adulation to which he had been accustomed since his sudden rise to favor. Hatred and jealousy so filled the heart of Haman that his pleasure in the day was ruined. Yet by the time he got home he had sufficiently recovered to summon his wife and his friends to tell them,

with much vulgar swagger, how he alone had been invited to the royal dinner-table. Then his jealous anger returned, as he violently added, "Yet all this availeth me nothing as long as I see Mordecai the Jew sitting at the King's gate." Had the friends of Haman been true, they would have helped him to conquer his devastating passion of jealousy, but what do we read they did? They merely said that if Haman was in such good graces with the king and queen he had merely to ask for Mordecai to be hanged. What advice! We all know that the advice led Haman himself to the gallows he had prepared for Mordecai, and thus we may learn of the danger arising from evil friendships.

Luke gives us another example of the hollow friendships of vicious men by telling us (Luke 23:12), that "the same day Pilate and Herod were made friends together, for before they were at enmity between themselves." And what gave rise to this renewed friendship between Pilate and Herod? We cannot be sure, but we know that the occasion was the travesty of flouted justice and the cruel mockery of

that innocent prisoner who was the sinless Lamb of God.

Nor can we ever forget that it was a friend of Jesus, one of the twelve, who betrayed Him, and that with the dearest token of friendship, a kiss. We shudder, but we have ourselves betrayed Him. None of us has any occasion to glory in our faithfulness to Jesus, and even if we have done all we can, we are yet unprofitable servants.

These few examples show us the hollowness of the world's friendship, and it is no wonder that James uttered his solemn warning. He says, "The friendship of the world is enmity with God . . . whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God."

Let us be sure then that we have the friendship of Jesus. For what shall we do on the Judgment Day if we have not Jesus as our Friend and Saviour?

"See the Judge, our nature wear-ing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
Ye who long for His appearing
Then shall say 'This God is mine?'
Gracious Saviour, own me in that
day as Thine!"



Do You Know

YOUR BIBLE AND SONG BOOK

Here are twelve quotations. Give the Biblical source (book, and if possible, chapter and verse) of those with odd numbers, and for the even-numbered quotations give the first line of the song from which the quotation is taken:

1. She was healed immediately.
2. "This moment the work is complete."
3. Whereas the Lord was there.
4. "Thou art here to save and bless."
5. Understandest thou what thou readest?
6. "Mine, to show a Saviour's love."
7. I will never leave thee.
8. "And dwell with me alone."
9. Take up thy cross and follow Me.
10. "Take the cross, thou needst not fear."
11. Salvation is of the Lord.
12. "Let us see Thy great Salvation."

(Answers at Foot of Column)



JUST USE ME

I am the Bible.
I am God's wonderful library.
I am always—and above all—the truth.
To the weary pilgrim I am a good strong staff.
To the one who sits in black gloom I am glorious light.
To those who stoop beneath heavy burdens I am sweet rest.
To him who has lost his way I am a safe guide.
To those who have been hurt by sin I am healing balm.
To the discouraged I whisper a glad message of hope.
To those who are distressed by the storms of life I am an anchor, sure and steadfast.
To those who suffer in lonely solitude I am as a cool, soft hand resting on a fevered brow.
O child of man, to best defend me just use me!

E.C.B.

(Answers to Questions at Top of Column)
1. Luke 8:47. 7. Hebrews 13:5.
2. S.B. 391. 8. S.B. 369.
3. Ezekiel 35:10. 9. Mark 10:21.
4. S.B. 356. 10. S.B. 228.
5. Acts 8:30. 11. Jonah 2:9.
6. S.B. 811. 12. S.B. 347.

Highlights and Shadows

BY CAPTAIN HUGH MACLEAN

"MY JESUS, 'TIS NOW"

A STILL Sunday morning in September with that chillness in the air despite the sunshine that to the Easterner betokens the end of summer. An open-air meeting on the town's west side. Not a sign from the windows or doorways of the coal-dust street to show whether the dwellers were sleeping or waking. The strains of the Band sought out each house, to waken but not to disturb:

"My Jesus, I love Thee, I know
Thou art mine,
For Thee all the pleasures of sin
I resign."

The Band was almost at full strength. The whole circle seemed larger for some reason than was common on a Sunday morning.

"I'll sing with the glittering
crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus
'tis now."

The Second Cornet took the instrument from his lips a little uneasily. He knew the reason for the larger crowd. He could see — feel, rather—surreptitious glances being sent in his direction from all around. For the first time he was the centre of all eyes in his own Corps. And all because he was leaving it.

Often he had stood on a street-corner in this town on a Sunday morning, but this was to be the last time. They knew it and he knew it, and that knowledge set them apart. Therefore he shifted uneasily. It was nonsense, he told himself. The people beginning to pass on their way to church could not be interested in him or his going. He tried to collect his thoughts for a testimony.

The Officer stepped out to make announcements of the Sunday's schedule. The Second Cornet listened distantly. By next Sunday a lot would have happened, most of

it behind Training College doors.

"The meeting to-night will be a farewell meeting for . . ."

He stiffened as the Officer's deep voice rang out, for every eye was now unashamedly upon him. He had not expected to be mentioned.

"I want him to say a few words now for himself."

It was a bad moment. Quite a few now stood nearby, pausing on the way to listen. What should he say? Would he speak of his work here? Of where he was going? Worst of all, of himself?

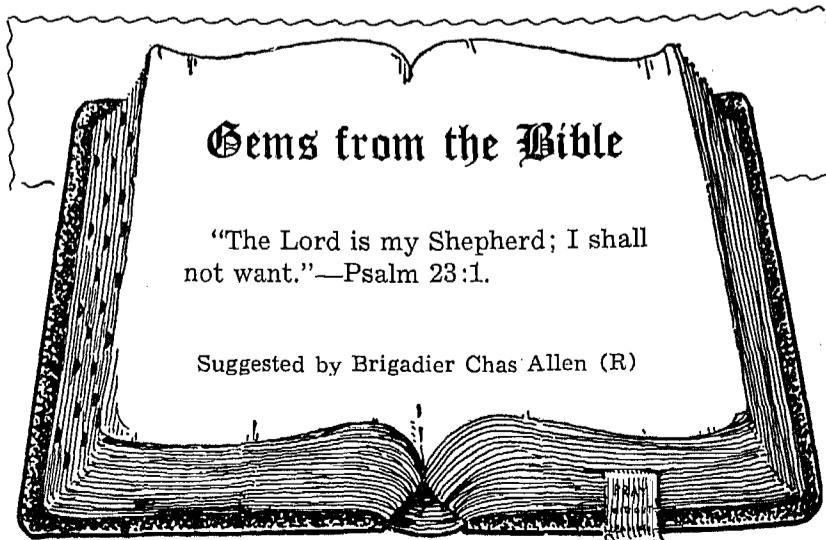
All this passed through his mind with the speed of thought, but was rejected. One line still sang within him: "If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now."

And as he spoke the Officer, hearing, smiled and was content. The Second Cornet had learnt another lesson.

Gems from the Bible

"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."—Psalm 23:1.

Suggested by Brigadier Chas Allen (R)



OOR POLLYANNA! I feel sorry for the dear little woman made famous by the writings of Harriet Lummis Smith and loved by hundreds of folk here. I have heard her defended; yes, and shame-littled, and that not so very, by a radio-speaker—a man's. He ought to have known but did he? He is not a wold so, unfortunately perhaps, try very hard to understand na. I can only assume that ed up the volume and just d the surface, throwing it s so much trash—"untrue to se," and so on.

Houghtless or Wrong?

be too sure, my friend. You wrong and perhaps a little less. You spoke of the Lord when He said: "Be of good I have overcome the world!" explained that He was no na type of person. He did through life vacantly unz the realities of life—miling through!" You said deal more, and no doubt if it was good, but somehow ot accept the comparison. I am prejudiced a little in nions.

ty-five years ago Pollyanna mean very much to me. I d glanced through the book, l a little at the Glad Game, en forgot all about it. I was girl then; life was one con Glad Game. I had no need for the Pollyanna idea. It naturally. But life has a way ging us to the touchstone of

and sometimes the hard are presented. The glitter of ts rather tarnished and, like le magic plate women use for g silver — just touch the are to the plate and, presto, ct made, the silver warms up ie tarnish disappears! Well, ina's Glad Game has re the tarnish of life many for me, so I must rise to de er now.

So Much To Do

glad spirit came to me while ed at a northern Corps. We ery few women to help. In wore the only Army bonnet t particular centre, and contly much of the ordinary of Corps life depended on my them. Our babies then were

There was always much to the home. I found a tarnish ng over my service; it was its glitter. Every time I had

A TART APPLE DANTY

Y FRANCES LEE BARTON

hard to find a fruit that lends f to so many healthful des is the apple—particularly one tart varieties.

le sauce, apple pie, baked—but let us stop right here ve a recipe for the best baked dessert you have tried for a me. It's certainly a tart ap inty.

Coconut Baked Apples

art apples, cored; $\frac{3}{4}$ cup $\frac{1}{2}$ can moist, sweetened it; 2 tablespoons sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ orange extract; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream, ed.

ie apples in baking dish, and le with $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar. Cover ake in hot oven (400 degrees minutes, or until done. Cool. $1\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, 2 tablespoons and orange extract into ed cream. Fill centres of ap with cream mixture. Chill be ering. Serves 6.

LIGHT
for the
DARK DAY
and
MIDNIGHT
WAY

Correspondent Champions
a Famous Book-Character,
Beloved by Many, Maligned
by Some

By
MRS. MAJOR REA
REGINA

one particular job to do it became increasingly hard.

Personally, I thank God for Pollyanna. Unknowingly she came to the rescue. I thought my difficulty through. All the tears, all the self-pity, all the stubbornness on my part would not remove this thing that must be done. It was essential. I was making it a mountain only by my attitude.

There I stood arguing the point—to do or not to do. But I must do it; do it willingly, graciously and humbly or do it reluctantly, grudgingly, of necessity only. Well, I decided it must be done. I must do it.

Rev. Mr. Boreham relates the

story of a little chap terrified by the nightmare of a big tiger coming to him. The child specialist explained that this tiger was not a wild animal but came as a kind playfellow, and advised the little fellow to put out his hand and welcome the tiger as such. It worked in his case, and it worked in mine!

Someone has said "Don't dodge your difficulties. Meet them, greet them and beat them." That was the sensible thing to do, and I thank God I did it so early in my experience. I would not exchange the wonderful experience that became mine through taking up my cross then, surrendering the less for the greater. I gained experiences that would never have been mine but for the Glad Game.

I played the Glad Game for

YOUR PLASTIC TWIN

AID FOR DRESSMAKERS

DO you remember those "Dressmaker Dummies" of your childhood—a black, shapely bust, wasp waist, and a voluminous wire skirt, the whole crowned by a black, wooden peg which stood for the head? They were a lot of fun for us children, who decked them in all sorts of ancient finery—ours was even called by a name, Betsy, no less, and we were really quite fond of her.

Well, Betsy can be decently interred now, for those wonderful plastics, about which we are hearing so much, have come to the rescue, and the dreary business of fitting clothes can be about as easy as writing a letter on a typewriter. For the sum of \$17.50 and an outlay of half an hour of time, any woman can have made a dress form which is an exact reproduction of her figure. This dress form is made of material that combines rubber and a variety of waxes.

After the rubber and waxes are melted together, a knitted fabric is added, to be saturated by the mixture. The resulting product — looking like a dripping-wet slicker, and cut into four sections (lower back, upper back, upper and lower front)—makes the form. Heated slightly higher than body temperature the material is malleable. As you stand erect in shirt and foundation garment, the four sections are quickly and skilfully molded to your figure. The plastic becomes rigid as it cools, and when the seams are opened on one side and the shirt slit from neck to hem, you slip out of your own shape as if it were a blouse. The side seams are closed again and the form is mounted on an adjustable stand, and, behold, your twin! This model makes fitting easy for energetic women who make their own dresses.

years before I actually let the Pollyanna spirit shine through clearly enough to merit the name. Eight years later I was beginning to need touching up again. We were stationed at a large and difficult centre and again I began to feel sorry for myself, then presto, the tarnish disappeared!

The Divisional Commander and his wife frequently did the marketing on Saturday afternoons, and it was cheering to meet them. One day Mrs. D.C. said "Good afternoon, Pollyanna." I was startled. How could she know? "I always think of Pollyanna," she continued, "when I see you on Saturday afternoons—doing the hard thing graciously."

I felt ever so much better. The word of encouragement put a spring in my dragging step.

Through the Years

On, on over the years, the same routine. Every appointment brought difficulties, problems and joys. God truly plants us where we grow! And through the years I still played the Glad Game. Glad that I was healthy enough to work. Glad of the opportunity of representing Jesus Christ in a sin-stricken world. Glad—so glad for so many things.

Later I read the newspaper writer's criticism referred to in my opening paragraph, and have wanted ever since to defend Pollyanna. Recently I heard something on the radio so interesting that I'd like to pass it on. A musical commentator was explaining the music of Haydn and this is an excerpt from his talk.

"Haydn was the Pollyanna of music. He brought to birth happy carefree melody. As a boy he was poor, and his life was the kind that would have embittered most young folk. He saw, but rejected life's evil, expressing only the lovely. His choice was, not to reveal the ugly, but only to exalt the beautiful. In his music there is no visible sign of strife or struggle."

Pollyanna of Music

Oh, Haydn, you overcame the world, and you were the Pollyanna of music!

Methinks there is much of Pollyanna's Glad Game revealed in Holy Writ. What about Paul and Silas singing praises in the prison, at the midnight hour? What about Daniel in the lions' den? What about David facing the host of the Philistines? What about Paul when shipwrecked and on the island with the barbarians? What about Stephen? What about all the great-hearts who played the Glad Game, "rejoicing in tribulation?" What about the brave people of the British Isles who are still playing it—playing it in the face of terror and the threat of invasion? Smiling through to victory!

So let us all get on life's battlefield and play the Glad Game. The Master will surely help us.

SCORCH STAINS MAY BE REMOVED

SCORCH marks may be removed completely if you follow these instructions. Pour some glycerine into a saucer, then wring a piece of flannel out of very hot water and dip a corner of it in the glycerine. Rub the scorch mark with the glycerined flannel until it has thoroughly absorbed the glycerine. Make a solution of one part peroxide of hydrogen to six parts of hot water and leave the stain to soak in this for half an hour. Then rinse the stained part of the material thoroughly. This peroxide solution is a very mild bleach and you will probably have to repeat the bleaching part of the operations several times before the stain is completely removed.

OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

(Continued from page 9)
then in his reply said that he much appreciated the honor of presiding over the gathering, it being the first time he had acted in such a capacity.

Brigadier J. Barclay gave a kaleidoscopic résumé of his eighteen months' stay in London and told of his great admiration for the people of Britain. Brigadier G. Wilson gave an inspiring account of the beginnings of various branches of the world-encircling Movement which is known as The Salvation Army. The speaker rose splendidly to the occasion and many new friends were won for the Organization.

J.R.W.
* * *

THE old proverb declares "all is well that ends well," and the final meeting of the day certainly proved this assertion to be true, when, following a strongly-fought prayer meeting, the Mercy-Seat was lined again and again with seekers.

The Dominion Theatre, which in times past has been the venue of many notable Salvation battles, held a large and varied crowd and the glorious message of deliverance for the "whosoever" was proclaimed in all its beauty and power.

Expressing sincere regret to the audience that the party had been prevented from reaching the city earlier, the Commissioner also voiced his gratification that the opening meetings of the Congress had been successfully carried through. His subsequent Bible message, timely and well-directed, was delivered with freedom and vigor and blessing and conviction came to the hearts of his hearers.

"Do you value your privileges?" the speaker pertinently asked, as he sought to impress upon his listeners the magnitude of their inheritance in Christ. "The worst form of bondage in this world is not exterior but interior, and the soul longs for the liberty alone to be found in the emancipating Saviour."

The Field Secretary took up the appeal and assisted by Major F. Merrett the theatre became a place where God met and pardoned penitent souls.

The opening exercises of the meeting were led by Brigadier Wilson, and Lieut.-Colonel Ham also gave a brief address with much acceptance; Brigadier W. Putt, revisiting the city after a decade, read the Scripture. The Citadel Band and Songsters excelled in their selections, and Songster Mrs. Badley sang "O Man of Galilee."

* * *

OFFICERS' Councils, held at the No. I Citadel on Monday and Tuesday, were seasons of rich spiritual blessing. Valued practical counsel was given by the Territorial Commander, whose all-out effort and inspiring Bible addresses were deeply appreciated by the Officer-delegates. The Field Secretary, prior to leaving for Saskatoon and Edmonton, gave an address largely concerning the "Won by One"

(Continued foot of column 3)



"STEPPING ON TOGETHER"—The Winnipeg Citadel Band (H. Merritt) marches the visiting Chicago Staff Band (without instruments) down Memorial Boulevard to the cenotaph where a wreath was laid in memory of Winnipeg's Great War dead. In the background is the imposing Provincial Parliament Building. Lieut.-Colonel W. Oake and Major Fred Merrett, Corps Officer, head the march

ENVOYS OF EUPHONY

Chicago Staff Band Enthusiastically Received in the Gateway City

FOR the first time in its history the Winnipeg Citadel Band played host to a Salvation Army Band from the United States.

From the moment that Adjutant Douglas Norris and the Chicago Staff Band stepped from their bus,

C. Rhodes-Smith, in calling upon Councillor Mrs. Hesson to welcome the visitors—voiced his personal pleasure and presented each Bandsman with a miniature of the city's coat-of-arms. Mrs. Hesson styled the Bands of The Salvation Army as "A symphony of energy."

The spacious Walker Theatre was sold out long before the Saturday night program began. Several hundreds were turned away. One of the Winnipeg daily papers said of



CIVIC GREETINGS.—Acting Mayor Paul Bardal welcomes the Chicago Staff Band (Adjutant D. Norris) in front of Winnipeg's City Hall

Gateway City citizens joyously received them.

Significant of the friendliness between the two democracies, the Bands of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry and the Royal Canadian Air Force paraded the visiting aggregation from its downtown hotel to the City Hall for a civic welcome.

Alderman Paul Bardal, the acting Mayor, seized upon the occasion of the welcome to re-affirm the warm friendship of Canada for the United States. Following an hour's program in one of the large departmental stores the Band was guest of the city at a banquet in the Royal Alexandra Hotel. Alderman

the Band: "It was a program inspirational in character, as well as affording rich variety."

Sunday's appointments began at Sunset Lodge where Major Kettle's large family was delighted with vocal and instrumental selections.

Brigadier T. Henry Martin piloted the Holiness meeting in the Citadel, following two well-attended open-air meetings.

Winnipeg's main thoroughfares were thronged in the afternoon when the Battalion of Winnipeg Grenadiers paraded with their regimental band and the Citadel Band to the cenotaph where Adjutant Norris placed a wreath honoring Canada's War dead. The march then proceeded to Knox United Church for a service of praise.

Knox United Church Choir (W.

(Continued from column 1)
Campaign. The theme chorus was also heartily sung.

Local Officers and Soldiers were admitted to the closing session on Tuesday night, and these comrades greatly appreciated the privilege of sharing the blessings. The "Won by One" Campaign occupied part of the meeting, with other important matters, and the Commissioner's Bible message, crowded with seed-thoughts and accompanying illustrations, brought spiritual uplift to the hearts of all.

St. James and Ellice Avenue Bands provided music for the evening.

CONGRESS FESTIVAL

Territorial Leader Presides Over Melody-making Event

AN enjoyable musical festival in the Rupert Avenue Citadel on Monday night brought to a happy conclusion the public events of the Winnipeg Congress. The auditorium was well-filled and the fare provided of an excellent kind throughout.

Divided into three sections the program was supervised by the Commissioner who handed sections two and three respectively to the care of the Editor-in-Chief and the Field Secretary. A well-executed patriotic pageant, featuring Britannia, John Bull, Miss America, the British Commonwealth of Nations and the Islands of the Sea, under the direction of Assistant Young People's Sergeant-Major Mrs. H. Merritt, made a stirring and appropriate finale to the evening.

Ear-charming Harmonies

Depleted by enlistments, nevertheless the participating Bands (No. I Citadel, Ellice Avenue and St. James) made spirited contributions to the program, and the Citadel Young People's Band, united Singing Companies and united Songster Brigades provided acceptable items. A vibraphone and marimbaphone duet by Bandsman H. Merritt and H. Besson produced ear-charming harmonies, and a pianoforte solo by Songster-Pianist M. Jones, A.T.C.M., was well appreciated.

The gathering was opened by the Divisional Commander who also led the congregation in repeating the Lord's Prayer. Major F. Merrett read a Scripture portion and led the united Songster Brigades in selections, and Lieut.-Colonel Oake presented the Commissioner as chairman.

Davidson Thomson) and the Chicago Staff Band supplied the musical items. The Provincial Treasurer, the Honorable Stuart C. Garson, M.L.A., presided efficiently and Major C. W. Askey read the Scriptures. Mr. A. W. Klieforth, the American Consul, was on the platform. It was estimated that twenty-five hundred people were turned away from the church doors unable to gain admission. For the evening service the Citadel Corps joined with the Grace United Church, hundreds of men and women standing all around the aisles.

In his address the Grace Church pastor, Rev. W. G. Martin, showed a very intimate knowledge of The Army's world-encircling evangelistic program.

Brigadier Harry Otway was happy to renew his association with Winnipeg where he served on the Canada West Territorial Headquarters some years ago. Major Victor Rich was another member warmly welcomed. His mother and father were at one time Territorial Leaders in the West.—J.R.W.

CONGRESS EVENTS

will be held in the Territory as follows:

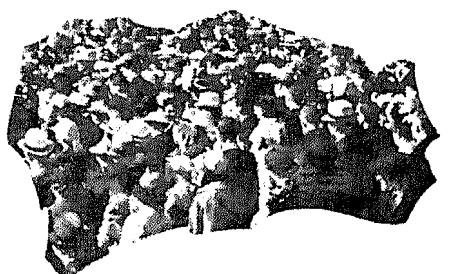
COMMISSIONER B. ORAMES

in Command

Vancouver	Nov. 6-10
Wrangell	Nov. 14-17
Juneau	Nov. 19-23

Pray for a gracious outpouring of God's Spirit upon these important meetings.

We Are Looking For You!



the case of men, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.
In the case of women, please notify the Women's Social
Secretary, 20 Albert St., Toronto.

HINDLE, Harry — Born in Stanleybridge, Cheshire, England; age 50 years; height 5 ft. 11 ins.; black hair; dark brown eyes; dark complexion. Occupation electrician and land valuer. Last heard from in 1920 from Vancouver. Half-sister anxious for news. M4811

LVDAAHL, Anton Ole Peder — Born in Borg, Lofoten, Norway, January 24, 1879. Is a salmon fisherman. Relatives anxious. M4749

MARTHINSON, Hans — Came to Canada thirty years ago, and settled in Greenwood. Uncle in the United States anxious for news. Born in Oslo, Norway. Parents Sigurd and Hannah Marthinson. M4694

STEELE, William A. — Age 52 years; height 6 ft.; blue eyes; weight 160 lbs. Born at St. Catharines, Ontario. Fireman on lake boats; known to have lived in the United States. Mother ill in hospital. M4729

ARMITAGE, Sydney Edward — Age 38 years; height 5 ft. 7 ins.; dark hair and eyes. Not heard of since June, 1931. Electrician by trade. Has lived in Palm Beach, Florida; may have gone north to Abitibi Mines. Mother in Ottawa anxious. M4417

PHILLIPS, Ernest Healey — Born in 1879; height 5 ft. 1 in.; brown hair; grey eyes; fair complexion. Married in 1902. Left England in 1890; has twisted foot. Last known address, 1902, Toronto. Brother enquiring. M4862

PENFOLD, John Lloyd — Age 43 years; height 5 ft. 10 ins.; fair complexion; blue eyes. Last heard of in 1932 from Detroit; may have returned to Canada. Cousin anxious to locate. M4520

WARD, John Charles — Born in Camberwell, London, Feb. 15, 1908; brown hair and eyes; dark complexion. Married. Has two sons—John and Ronnie. Occupation, farm worker. Sister in England anxious. M4562

HIDER, William (and family) — Relatives in England anxious to locate this family thought to be in Montreal or Toronto. M4566

EKMAN, True Anders Eliel — Born in Purmo, Finland, in 1902; last heard from in 1926. Aged father in Finland anxious for news. M4693

BURNS, John Alexander — Height 5 ft. 9 ins.; weight 180 lbs.; brown eyes; dark hair (going bald); third and fourth fingers on left hand missing; wears glasses. Last heard from Drumheller; known to have moved away from the district. M4819

ROBERTSON, James — Age 40 years; born in Tomtoul, Scotland. Last heard from thirty-five years ago when he left Scotland for farm in Saskatchewan. M4861

JONES, William Ernest — Born in England; age 46 years approximately; height 5 ft. 4 ins.; blue eyes; fair hair and complexion. Missing seven years. Occupation, cook. M4708

SOBOSLAY, Kenneth — Missing from home in Brooklyn, N.Y., since December, 1940. Sixteen years of age; 5 ft. in height; blond hair; fair complexion; high school student; attended St. James' Church, N.Y. Last seen in Scranton, Pa.; may have entered Canada. Parents distressed. M4873

KELLY, John — Age 14 years; height 5 ft. 7 ins.; dark hair; blue eyes; fair complexion; born in Montreal. Missing since June, 1941; known to have been at Field, B.C., and Crossfield, Alta., with friend, Fred Ahern. Step-father enquiring. M4716

SIPINEN, Nestori — Born in Sulkava, Finland; age 50 years; medium height; brown hair. Left Finland nineteen years ago; last heard of four years ago. Employed as tailor. M4828

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and, so far as is possible, assist anyone in difficulty.

One dollar, should where possible, be sent with enquiry, to help defray expenses.

Address your communications to the Men's Social Secretary, 20 Albert St., Toronto 2, in the case of men, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope. In the case of women, please notify the Women's Social Secretary, 20 Albert St., Toronto.

BELLAMY, Mrs. Bert (nee Annie Cooper) — of Parry Sound, Ont. Father very ill in hospital. Anxious to contact daughter.

PRYCHITKO, Mrs. John (nee Mary Halehusk), and daughter Veedora, Born in Wolfe Run, Ohio, U.S.A., age 32 years; height 5 ft. 6 ins.; brown hair; brown eyes; fair complexion. Daughter 14 years old; fair hair and fair complexion. Sister is very anxious to learn whereabouts. 2442

GREEN, Elizabeth (nee Mark) — Age about 58 years; has one son. Worked as domestic. Known to be living in Toronto some time ago. Sister anxious for word. 2476

SHENNAN, Mrs. Edith May (nee Lee) — Height 5 ft. 10 ins.; fair hair; blue eyes; fair complexion. Born in Deal, Kent. Left Scotland July 1, 1926, for Canada. Information sought. 2493

THOMPSON, Mrs. Mary Ada (nee McClure) — Age 60-70 years; born in Gateshead or Newcastle-on-Tyne; medium height; dark hair; pale complexion. Came to Canada with husband approximately 1900. Whereabouts sought. 2497

ELSBURY, Mrs. Walter (nee Elizabeth Goudge) — Was known to be living in Toronto. Relative enquiring. 2454

MACK, Mrs. Fred (nee Mary or Marie, nee Casquette) — Age 32; brown hair. Has two children. Whereabouts sought. 2516

NILSEN, Mrs. Nils (nee Kerttu Sisko Peitonen) — Born in Helsinki, Finland; age 35 years. Was living in Montreal in 1940. Mother in Finland very anxious. 2488

PRISONERS FIND GOD

At Liverpool, N.S. (Captain Mason, Pro-Lieutenant Woodruff), Major and Mrs. Porter conducted week-end meetings bringing helpful, inspiring messages. During the Sunday night meeting a new Penitent-Form was dedicated. On the following Wednesday the Officers and comrades conducted a meeting in the Baptist Church at Caledonia. A large crowd attended, and when the invitation to seek God was given one man stood expressing a desire to become a Christian. The Bridge-water Officers assisted.

During a meeting at the Jail two prisoners surrendered to God. The meeting was conducted by Sister Mrs. Wagner, assisted by Sister Mrs. Holmes and Captain Mason.

SPIRITUAL ENTHUSIASM

Spiritual enthusiasm was high on a recent Sunday when Adjutant and Mrs. F. Moulton conducted meetings at Long Branch, Ont. (Captain and Mrs. F. Brightwell). The Adjutant's messages were of blessing to comrades and friends.

The young people at the Company meeting greeted their new Divisional leader and thoroughly enjoyed his talk.

THANKSGIVING JOYS

On Harvest Festival Sunday at Elmwood, Winnipeg (Lieutenant G. Neill, Pro-Lieutenant F. Hill) special meetings were of much blessing. The Harvest sale of produce, presided over by Major Fugelsang, was a success.

Thursday evening is devoted to young people's activities. Welcome visitors to the Corps have been Mrs. Neill, of Fort William, and Sister M. Parkinson, of Vancouver. Sister H. Hamby has been welcomed as a Soldier.

Praising The Lord With Melody

Stratford Band Inspires Residents of Goderich

BROADCAST BLESSINGS

Mrs. Brigadier Geo. Wilson was a recent visitor to Kenora, Ont. (Captain and Mrs. J. Wiseman) to open a Red Shield tea and to address a combined



WHY NOT
JOIN THE
**SWORD AND SHIELD
BRIGADE?**

DAILY BIBLE PORTIONS

Sun., November 9	11 Chronicles 32:1-8
Mon., November 10	11 Chronicles 32:9-20
Tues., November 11	11 Chronicles 32:21-30
Wed., November 12	11 Chronicles 33:1-13
Thurs., November 13	11 Chronicles 34:1-13
Fri., November 14	11 Chronicles 34:14-22
Sat., November 15	11 Chronicles 34:23-33

PRAYER SUBJECT

All Who Exercise Influence by Word or Pen

Particulars regarding the Sword & Shield Brigade may be obtained from your Divisional Commander, or direct from Territorial Headquarters, 20 Albert Street, Toronto.

On a recent week-end the Stratford, Ont., Band (Bandmaster R. Bailey) accompanied by Major H. E. Howes, the Corps Officer, visited Goderich, Ont. (Adjutant F. Williams, Pro-Lieutenant Davis). Following supper at the Hall, served by members of the Red Shield Auxiliary, an open-air meeting was held at Kincardine, an Outpost.

On Sunday, open-air meetings in seven different locations were conducted, and in the afternoon a half-hour program was given at Alexandra Hospital. In the Holliness meeting Major Howes brought the message, and in the evening spoke particularly to the young people. During the prayer meeting which followed, he faithfully presented the plan of Salvation and the claims of Christ.

Later the Band gave a program in MacKay Hall, when a very appreciative audience filled the auditorium and Mayor E. D. Brown presided. Bandsman W. Fothergill from England, now with the R.A.F., Port Albert, joined the Band for this occasion. At the close of the program Reeve R. E. Turner offered a vote of thanks.

Goderich comrades enjoyed the fellowship of the visiting Band and following the program, when refreshments were served, an expression of appreciation of the visitors' efforts was voiced by Adjutant F. Williams.

TIMES OF REFRESHING

While Orillia, Ont. (Adjutant and Mrs. J. R. Mathews) has been much in the limelight of late, there has been much of blessing and refreshing behind the scenes. Real old-time red-hot Salvationism is to the fore, with seekers at the Cross in almost every meeting.

A most happy and successful Harvest Festival; Company meeting attendance on the upgrade; many testimony periods; splendid Youth Group meetings; record attendance of Sunbeam-Brownies; glad times at the Outpost, Carylon, where the recent visit of the Corps Band brought an enthusiastic crowd; and God's presence richly, graciously manifest.

Recent visitors were Major and Mrs. F. White (R), former Orillia Corps Officers. The Major's Salvation meeting tactics resulted in four surrenders. Corps Sergeant-Major Hume and Treasurer W. Wishart were in charge of Congress Sunday's happy and satisfying meetings. A. Le B.

WINNING THE CHILDREN

Joyful and Spirit-filled meetings have been enjoyed at Camrose, Alta. (Captain Moon, Pro-Lieutenant Davies) on recent Thursday evenings. Captain-Chaplain Norman Whitmore of the Military Camp conducted one of these meetings of rich blessing.

Another Thursday members of the Red Shield Servicemen's League were in charge and their messages in music and testimony were enjoyed.

A recent Sunday visitor was Major E. Laycock, of Edmonton, who inspired the comrades by relating many helpful experiences of her work for God. Her singing was appreciated. The young people's work is progressing favorably. Recently the Hall was packed with children for an after-school meeting, and the Company meeting attendance is increasing as a result of these efforts.

NEED A NEW FALL COAT?

"Try The Trade--

We Can Serve You"

Address all communications to:

THE TRADE SECRETARY, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.

THE NATIVE RETURNS

Memory-reviving Gatherings at Springhill

An outstanding event at Springhill, N.S. (Adjutant and Mrs. A. Pedersen) were week-end meetings conducted by Lieut.-Colonel W. Bunton, Prison Secretary, accompanied by Major and Mrs. E. H. Green.

A Home League Rally was conducted by Mrs. Green. During the evening Colonel Bunton presented the League with a serving tray which the Springhill Home League won in the Divisional competition for the best attendance during the summer months. Home League Secretary Mrs. D. Conn who was also the Home League Secretary (then known as the Corps' Ladies Aid) when Wallace Bunton left for the Train-

PENITENT-FORM DEDICATED

"Crusaders'" Memorial Gift

An impressive service was conducted by Adjutant and Mrs. Gennery and Captain B. Pedlar of the Training College, and Captain Florence Brown, of London, when a new Altar in the Feversham Hall (Envoy Pedlar) was dedicated in memory of the late Mrs. Envoy Pedlar.

This Penitent - Form was placed in the Citadel by the Officers and Cadets of the "Crusaders" Session, 1940-41. During the impressive meeting

Radiate Your Salvationism!

BE A WIN-SOME PARTICIPANT

in the

"Won By One" Campaign

ing College thirty-five years ago, responded to the Colonel's remarks, expressing her joy in the Colonel's faithfulness and success in God's work.

On Saturday night there was a happy welcome meeting. The Colonel had not been home for a week-end since entering Training, and it was a time of rejoicing and recognition. Old friends were greeted warmly. Springhill citizens honored one of their own.

The Sunday Holiness meeting was of much help to the comrades who were encouraged to persevere in the fight with renewed consecration.

In the afternoon a crowd gathered in the Capitol Theatre to hear the Colonel's lecture, "Lights and Shadows from the Criminal World." Mr. E. B. Paul, member of the Government Reconciliation Board, ably presided. He was introduced by Major Green, and spoke in glowing terms of the Colonel's work and of The Army.

Mr. H. N. Soley also welcomed the Colonel, referring to The Army's part in restoring criminals to respectable citizenship. Appreciated musical items were provided by Army friends. The Rev. J. R. Miller prayed, the Rev. W. M. Knickle read the Scriptures, and the Rev. H. T. Gornall, D.D., whose father was an office boy to the Founder in the early days, spoke words of appreciation.

For the Salvation meeting there was not enough room in the Hall to seat the people who crowded in. The Colonel gave a stirring message from the Word of God.

CONGRESS CARRY-OVER

The enthusiastic spirit of spiritual expectation which marked the Toronto Congress gatherings was carried over to the following Sunday meetings at Earlscourt (Adjutant and Mrs. C. Hiltz). Periods of hearty congregational singing punctuated worshipful seasons of prayer and the Corps Officer's messages were straightforward invitations to Salvation and Sanctification.

The Cadets week-night meetings are creating much interest and the influence of these "Steadfast" workers in the life of the Corps is far-reaching.

OUR Camera Corner

Eight-year-old Junior Joan Anstey presents a bouquet to her eighty-year-old great-grandmother, a veteran Salvationist at Corner Brook, Nfld., who has been a Soldier for more than thirty-five years and is still fighting on.



Octogenarian No. II in this week's "Camera Corner" is Treasurer David Blakenay, of Saint Stephen, N.B. At the age of eighty-four years, he can look back upon fifty-four years of unbroken Salvation Army service.



Typical of the extensive hospital visitation carried on by Salvationists is this snapshot of Mrs. Major Ede, Toronto Temple, chatting with a smiling Salvationist patient.

VIGOROUS VETERANS LEAD

Regardless of war-time contingencies and disruptions, St. Catharines, Ont. (Major and Mrs. C. Tuck) comrades are carrying on, and are praising God for the encouragement He vouchsafes. Prayers are being answered as seekers come to the Mercy-Seat.

A week-end conducted by Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Moore (R) was a source of much blessing and inspiration. Her messages from God's Word were Spirit-filled. On Harvest Thanksgiving Sunday, Colonel G. Miller (R) provided a spiritual uplift. Commencing on Saturday night with a season of praise and intercession for the Sunday activities, faith was exercised, and in the Salvation meeting four persons came to the Altar. Three were seekers for Salvation, and the other a backslider returning home. Each gave a testimony of an assurance of victory.

The past week-end meetings have been rich in the positive presence of the Holy Spirit. In the morning comrades were pleased to hear the clear testimony of Mrs. Brigadier Lewis who went to the Training College from St. Catharines twenty-seven years ago. The Major brought a convincing message and one sister claimed a higher experience. At night God came graciously near as two comrades, Brother and Sister E. Sparks, dedicated their little one to God under the Colors. Pro-Lieutenant J. Hicks conducting the ceremony and also bringing the Scripture message. Major Wiseman (R) invoked God's blessing on the Empire, remembering also the special request of the men of the Norwegian Air Force.



Called to Eternal Peace

Salvation Soldiers Promoted to Glory

CRADLE ROLL SERGEANT-MAJOR MRS. L. GRIFFITHS

Halifax, N.S.

A faithful Local Officer, Sister Mrs. Louis Griffiths, has recently been promoted to Glory from Halifax, N.S. This comrade for many years had given faithful service in the Young People's Corps as Company Guard and Cradle Roll Sergeant. She also took a very active part in the League of Mercy and Songster Brigade.

Although unable to attend the meetings for the past year due to ill-health, the promoted comrade retained keen interest in the Corps, often voicing her desire to be back at her much-loved work. Suffering was borne with much patience and a true Christian spirit.

The funeral service was conducted by Major and Mrs. Porter, League of Mercy Sergeant-Major Mrs. Simpson and Mrs. Adjutant Lynch paid tribute to the life and influence of the promoted comrade. Mrs. Major Worthyake sang a solo.

On the following Sunday evening a large crowd gathered for the memorial service, conducted by the Divisional Commander, when eulogies of the life of the promoted comrade were given by Home League Secretary Mrs. Ward, Songster Sergeant Mrs. Jepson and Band Sergeant Earl Goddard. Captain Pride brought a message of comfort in song. A hallowed spirit was felt throughout the service and seven persons knelt at the Mercy-Seat. Prayer was offered for Brother Griffiths and the bereaved family.

BROTHER PITCHER

Winterton, Nfld.
The promotion to Glory of Brother Pitcher, better known as "Grandpa," from Winterton, Nfld., removed a devoted

old Soldier from the Corps. His long and active life made Brother Pitcher an outstanding personality in the district.

Although eighty-eight years of age he had been a faithful attendant at every meeting, delighting in open-air work and taking a lively interest in the well-being of everyone in the community.

Particularly fond of his red guernsey, "Grandpa" Pitcher wore it on all occasions. His testimony was a benediction. He often told of the great change wrought in his life many years ago by the power of God, and he always had a special word for the unsaved.

The funeral and memorial services conducted by Captain and Mrs. G. Earle, assisted by Adjutant and Mrs. Snow, of Hants Harbor, were largely attended. In the memorial service many comrades, including two sons and two grandsons, spoke of the promoted comrade's life and influence.

HOME LEAGUE TREASURER MRS. GEORGE SQUIRES

Corner Brook, Nfld.
Home League Treasurer Mrs. George Squires has been promoted to Glory from Corner Brook, Nfld. Mrs. Squires gave her heart to God at Bay Roberts. Later, she worked among the young people as a Company Guard and Young People's Sergeant-Major. By her Godly life she won a warm place in the hearts of the young people. The promoted comrade was also a Home League Local Officer, working faithfully.

Some years ago the family moved to Corner Brook where they gave loyal service. As Home League Treasurer her greatest joy was to see God's work succeed. About five months ago she was laid aside,

but her faith remained firm, and enabled her to triumph in suffering.

The funeral service at Bay Roberts was conducted by Adjutant Thorne. In the impressive memorial service comrades paid their last respects to a much-loved and faithful Soldier. Special prayer was offered for the bereaved husband and son.

SISTER MRS. MACLEAN

Sydney, N.S.
In the recent promotion to Glory of Sister Mrs. MacLean, Sydney, N.S., has lost one of its oldest and most faithful Soldiers. In recent years, because of ill-health, Sister Mrs. MacLean had not been able to take a prominent part in the work of the Corps; but her interest in the Kingdom and God's cause was unfailing. "Mother" MacLean will be missed for her kindness shown and words of encouragement and cheer given to all. Her life of devotion and Godly example was an incentive to faithfulness.

A large crowd gathered to pay their last respects at the funeral service conducted in the absence of the Corps Officers, by Major Cummings. In the memorial service, conducted by the Corps Officers, Sergeant-Major MacLean spoke very feelingly of his mother and her devotion to the things of God. Others who brought tribute were Sister Mrs. Burt and Corps Cadet Guardian Mrs. Cameron who spoke of the promoted comrade's sterling character and faithful Soldiership. Prayer was offered for the bereaved. Major M. MacLean and Major Mrs. Kettle are daughters.

ANDREW KIRK

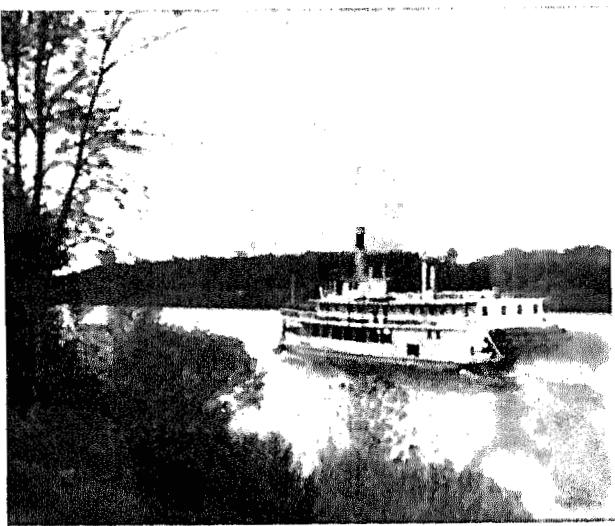
Yarmouth, N.S.
Recently there passed to his

Eternal Reward Andrew Kirk, one of Yarmouth's most prominent and best loved citizens. He was well-known and highly respected by Officers and Soldiers throughout the Territory. Mr. and Mrs. Kirk were at one time Officers in the Maritimes, and have always retained a keen and practical interest in The Army. His Christian life was exemplary.

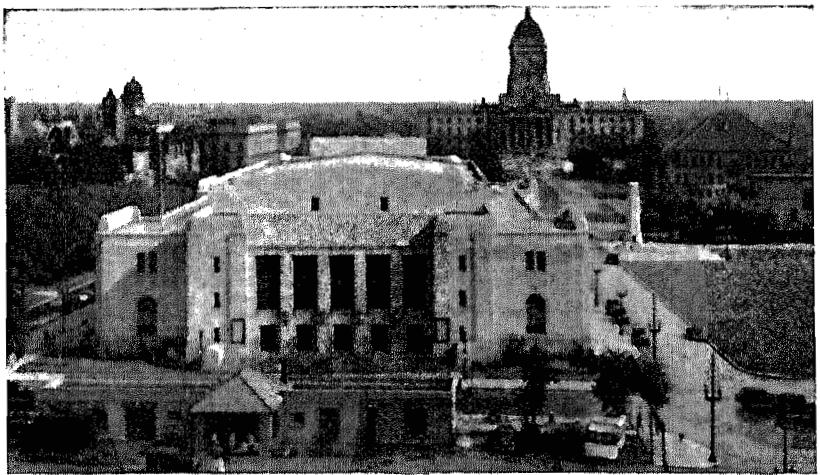
Well known as one of Yarmouth's outstanding contractors and builders, he found time for public affairs, and had served as a town councillor, a director of the Y.M.C.A., and was a member of numerous philanthropic organizations. In recent years Mr. Kirk was a teacher at the evening Technical School and had been appointed a member of the Yarmouth Technical Education Advisory Committee. Surviving are his wife, one son, T. A. Murray, Inspector of Schools, and a daughter, Mrs. G. Hugh Cain.

The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. N. M. Rattee. Major S. Harrison, the Corps Officer, attended and offered prayer.

PLACES and PERSONS PICTORIALLY PRESENTED



[Winnipeg photos courtesy Free Press, Tribune, and Board of Trade]



Stately edifices add beauty and dignity to Winnipeg's youthfulness. Here is the massive Civic Auditorium, with the imposing Parliament Buildings towering on the horizon.



PATROLLERS OF THE SKYWAYS.—A smiling crowd of R.C.A.F. sergeants wave "au revoir" to Canada as they embark on their hazardous journey overseas. With such a company recently was a Salvation Army Welfare Officer, Adjutant A. Dale, now serving Canada's airmen in Great Britain.

IN THE GATEWAY CITY TO THE GOLDEN WEST AND ITS CHARMING ENVIRONS

UPPER
LEFT:

An old stern-wheeler propels itself up historic Red River. At the confluence of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers is situated the City of Winnipeg, scene of recent successful Congress Gatherings.

ABOVE:

Beautiful Lynx Falls is Manitoba's rival to Ontario's Niagara, and is one of the choice beauty spots of the Province.

LEFT:

Platform scene during the Congress Sunday afternoon Rally, with Lieut.-Colonel W. Oake, Public Relations Representative, in action at the speaking desk.



Probably the first Canadian Salvationist to bail out of a fuelless Hurricane, and make a 3,000-ft. parachute descent to safety, is Sergeant-Pilot C. F. Marsh, now overseas with the R.C.A.F. Before enlisting, this comrade, who is the son of Major and Mrs. Marsh, led the Corps Band at Maisonneuve.



"THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A CUP OF TEA . . ." says the old song; a sentiment heartily endorsed by these men of the Pioneer Corps who crowd around a Red Shield Mobile Canteen operating at—well, you know, "somewhere in England."